

***Radical Periodicals In The United States
1890-1960***

RADICAL PERIODICALS IN THE UNITED STATES, 1890-1960

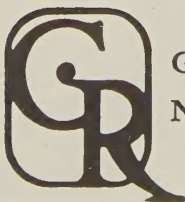
FIRST SERIES

- | | |
|---|---|
| Alternative (1948-1951) | Modern Socialist (1941-1942) |
| Amerasia (1937-1947) | Monthly Review (1934-1935) |
| American Appeal (1920-1927) | Monthly Review (1949-1960) |
| American Socialist (1914-1917) | Mother Earth Bulletin (1906-1918) |
| American Spectator (1932-1937) | Nationalist (1889-1891) |
| Black & White (1939-1940) | New Foundations (1947-1954) |
| Blast (1916-1917) | New International (1934-1958) |
| China Today (1933-1942) | New Militant (1934-1936) |
| Class Struggle (1917-1919) | New Nation (1891-1894) |
| Class Struggle (1931-1937) | New Review (1913-1916) |
| Clipper (1940-1941) | New Trends (1945-1946) |
| Common Sense (1932-1946) | New World Review (1932-1960) |
| Communist (1919-1921) | One Big Union Monthly (1919-1938) |
| Communist International (1919-1940) | Pacifica Views (1943-1947) |
| Conscientious Objector (1939-1946) | Party Organizer (1927-1938) |
| Dialectics (1937-1939) | Politics (1944-1949) |
| Enquiry (1942-1945) | Radical Review (1917-1919) |
| Equal Justice (1926-1942) | Rebel (1895-1896) |
| Forerunner (1909-1916) | Retort (1942-1951) |
| Good Morning (1919-1921) | Revolutionary Age (1918-1919) |
| Industrial Pioneer (1921-1926) | Revolutionary Age (1929-1932) |
| Industrial Unionist (1932-1950) | Socialist Appeal (1934-1937) |
| International Class Struggle (1936-1937) | Socialist Review (1932-1940) |
| International Review (1936-1939) | Spanish Revolution (1936-1938) |
| International Socialist Review
(1900-1918) | Spanish Revolution (1936-1937) |
| International Socialist Review
(1940-1959) | Student Advocate (1936-1938) |
| Labor Action (1940-1958) | Student Review (1931-1935) |
| Labor Age (1913-1933) | U.S. Week (1941-1942) |
| Labor Power (1934-1935) | Weekly Review (1936-1943) |
| Marxist Quarterly (1937) | Workers Age (1932-1941) |
| Militant (1928-1934) | Workers' Council (1921) |
| Modern Quarterly (1923-1940) | Workers' League for a Revolutionary
Party Bulletin (1937-1959) |
| Modern Review (1947-1950) | World Survey (1941-1942) |
| | Young Worker (1922-1936) |

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Volume 14

1913-1914



GREENWOOD REPRINT CORPORATION
NEW YORK

1968

This reprint edition reproduces, in an unaltered form, the entire contents of the original publication, as far as it has been possible to determine.

Introduction

Copyright ©1968 by

GREENWOOD REPRINT CORPORATION

This work has been printed on long-life paper and conforms to the standards developed under the sponsorship of the Council on Library Resources.

Printed in the United States of America

JULY, 1913

The

PRICE TEN CENTS

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



Structural Iron Worker Going Home from His Work 500 Feet Above New York City.

Last Chance. This Offer Will Soon be Withdrawn.

Socialist Books in Cloth Binding

Allman's God's Children	\$0.50	Lewis' (Arthur M.) Vital Problems in Social Evolution50
Andresen's The Republic	1.00	Lewis' (Austin) Rise of the American Proletarian	1.00
Baker's The Rose Door	1.00	Lewis' (Austin) The Militant Proletariat50
Beals' The Rebel at Large50	Liebknecht's Memoirs of Karl Marx50
Bebel's Woman and Socialism	1.50	Marcy's Out of the Dump50
Blatchford's Britain for the British50	Marx's Capital, Vol. I	2.00
Blatchford's God and My Neighbor	1.00	Marx's Capital, Vol. II	2.00
Boelsche's The Evolution of Man50	Marx's Capital, Vol. III	2.00
Boelsche's The Triumph of Life50	Marx's Critique of Political Economy	1.00
Boudin's Theoretical System of Marx	1.00	Marx's The Poverty of Philosophy	1.00
Brenholtz's The Recording Angel	1.00	Marx's Revolution and Counter-Revolution50
Burrowes' Revolutionary Essays	1.00	Marx's Value, Price and Profit50
Carpenter's Love's Coming of Age	1.00	Marx and Engels' The Communist Manifesto50
Chapman's History of Anglo-American Trade50	Maynard's Walt Whitman	1.00
Cohen's Socialism for Students50	Meily's Puritanism50
Debs' Life, Writings and Speeches	1.00	Meyer's The End of the World50
Dietzgen's Philosophical Essays	1.00	Meyer's The Making of the World50
Dietzgen's Positive Outcome of Philosophy	1.00	Morris and Bax's Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome50
Engels' Socialism, Utopian and Scientific50	Morgan's Ancient Society	1.50
Engels' Feuerbach50	Myers' Great American Fortunes, Vol. I	1.50
Engels' Landmarks of Scientific Socialism	1.00	Myers' Great American Fortunes, Vol. II	1.50
Engels' Origin of the Family50	Myers' Great American Fortunes, Vol. III	1.50
Ferri's The Positive School of Criminology50	Myers' History of the Supreme Court	2.00
Ferri's Socialism and Modern Science	1.00	Nietzsche's Human, All Too Human50
Fitch's Physical Basis of Mind and Morals	1.00	Oneal's Workers in American History	1.00
France's Germs of Mind in Plants50	Plechanoff's Socialism and Anarchism50
Franklin's The Socialization of Humanity	2.00	Plummer's Gracia, A Social Tragedy	1.00
Gladys' Thoughts of a Fool	1.00	Pollock's The Russian Bastile50
Hitchcock's The Socialist Argument	1.00	Rappaport's Looking Forward	1.00
Hightower's Happy Hunting Grounds	1.00	Raymond's Rebels of the New South	1.00
Hitch's Goethe's Faust50	Richardson's Industrial Problems	1.00
Kautsky's The Class Struggle50	Russell's Stories of the Great Railroads	1.00
Kautsky's The Social Revolution50	Simons' The American Farmer50
Kautsky's Ethics and Materialist Conception of History50	Simons' Class Struggles in America50
Labriola's Materialistic Conception of History	1.00	Sinclair's Prince Hagen	1.00
Labriola's Socialism and Philosophy	1.00	Spargo's Capitalist and Laborer50
Lafargue's The Evolution of Property50	Spargo's Common Sense of Socialism	1.00
Lafargue's The Right to Be Lazy and Other Studies50	Spargo's The Marx He Knew50
Lafargue's Social and Philosophical Studies50	Steere's When Things Were Doing	1.00
La Monte's Socialism, Positive and Negative50	Teichmann's Life and Death50
Lewis' (Arthur M.) An Introduction to Sociology	1.00	Triggs' The Changing Order	1.00
Lewis' (Arthur M.) The Art of Lecturing50	Turner's Barbarous Mexico	1.50
Lewis' (Arthur M.) Evolution, Social and Organic50	Untermann's The World's Revolutions50
Lewis' (Arthur M.) Marx vs. Tolstoy (Darrow Debate)50	Untermann's Marxian Economics	1.00
Lewis' (Arthur M.) Ten Blind Leaders50	Untermann's Science and Revolution50
		Vail's Modern Socialism75
		Vail's Principles of Scientific Socialism	1.00
		Ward's The Ancient Lowly, Vol. I	2.00
		Ward's The Ancient Lowly, Vol. II	2.00
		Winchevsky's Stories of the Struggle50
		Wooldridge's Perfecting the Earth	1.00
		Work's What's So and What Isn't50

Here is a plan by which you can get any number of these books FREE. Remit any sum not less than \$3.00 for any of these books at list prices. We will send them by mail or express, prepaying charges, and will also send you for each dollar remitted a SUBSCRIPTION CARD good for the International Socialist Review one year. These cards can easily be sold at \$1.00 each, and you will thus have your money back; the books will cost you nothing. 20c. must be added for postage on each Canadian subscription, and 36c on each foreign subscription. Address

Charles H. Kerr & Company, : 118 West Kinzie Street, Chicago

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT



LIDA PARCE.

Economic Determinism, or the Economic Interpretation of History, is one of the fundamental principles of Socialism. No one can talk or write on Socialism intelligently without a clear understanding of the principle, and unfortunately all the standard works on the subject thus far published have been rather difficult reading. We are therefore particularly glad to announce for publication July 10th a new book by Comrade Lida Parce with the above title, which is admirably adapted to the use of beginners. Her work is a condensed industrial history of the world, showing in detail how progress in methods of producing food has brought social progress, and how the enslavement of workers, and especially of women workers, has destroyed the civilizations of the past. Mrs. Parce is a woman of rare scholarship and of unusual ability as a writer, and she has accomplished a work of immense importance in this book. It contains a wealth of information, attractively arranged, which will be new to many old-time Socialists, and at the same time she has presented her facts and arguments in a way that will attract

rather than repel the reader who is wholly unfamiliar with Socialism. We are printing the book on paper of extra quality, in large type, and the binding will be in library style, dark blue cloth with gold stamping, uniform with the works of Gustavus Myers. The price, postage included, will be **one dollar**, and we trust that several hundred readers of this paragraph will remit the price of a copy **at once**, thus making sure of one of the first copies printed.

A Library of Sociology. In binding uniform with the new book just described, we can already supply the following works:

History of the Great American Fortunes, by Gustavus Myers, three volumes, \$4.50.

History of the Supreme Court of the United States, by Gustavus Myers, \$2.00.

God and My Neighbor, by Robert Blatchford, \$1.00.

Some of the Philosophical Essays of Joseph Dietzgen, \$1.00.

The Positive Outcome of Philosophy, by Joseph Dietzgen, \$1.00.

Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring), by Frederick Engels, \$1.00.

The Socialist Argument, by C. C. Hitchcock, \$1.00.

Socialism and Philosophy, by Antonio Labriola, \$1.00.

An Introduction to Sociology, by Arthur M. Lewis, \$1.00.

Barbarous Mexico, by John Kenneth Turner, \$1.50.

These thirteen volumes amount at retail prices to \$16.00. We hope later on to offer them on easy payments, but at present this is impossible for lack of working capital. Meanwhile, **until August 31**, we are going to give **you** the benefit of what would otherwise be the **agent's commission** on this set of books, provided you send **cash with order**. That is to say, remit **\$12.80** and we will send you by express, charges prepaid, the thirteen volumes named above and will also send you the **REVIEW** one year.

Co-operative Publishing Bonds. Don't forget the offer we made on the inside back cover of the **JUNE REVIEW**. We must have more working capital if we are to

increase our output of literature. To get it, we offer five per cent interest on \$20.00 or any multiple of that sum. This interest, \$1.00 a year on each \$20.00 bond, is payable in cash at the end of each year, but if you take it in books, you can have it at any time after the bond is issued. We will also accept the bond itself in payment for books at any time. We have borrowed many thousands of dollars from comrades in the past, and have paid it back when called for. We could continue the business without a dollar of new capital, but if it is to **grow**, new capital is essential, and if we are doing the work YOU want done, we expect part of the new capital from YOU.

For Open Air Meetings. A Socialist open air meeting is a success only when it results in the sale of a lot of sound Socialist books. The man on the street will carry home with him only a vague recollection of what the speaker said, but if he also carries home the right kind of book, he will soon begin to think his way out of the mental slavery that keeps the workers from rebelling against economic slavery. This would be a sufficient reason for selling literature at meetings, even if it were an **expense** to the Local. But on the other hand, it is a source of **income**. It helps cover the necessary expenses by the profit on books sold to non-Socialists, instead of making it necessary for comrades to "dig up" continually.

Real Socialist Books. These are the only kind worth while. Too many Locals have loaded up their shelves with "freak" books by ignorant writers who are unable to explain Socialism intelligently, and therefore leave their readers ready to desert the Socialist movement for any new reform party that may spring up. Our publishing house, run not for profit, and not to advertise individuals, but to provide the real literature of Socialism, offers the following books at \$5.00 a hundred, expressage prepaid, or \$4.00 per hundred if expressage is paid by the Local.

The Communist Manifesto. Marx and Engels.

No Compromise. Liebknecht.

Socialism—What It is. Liebknecht.

Evolution and Revolution. Fisher (new).

Socialism Made Easy. Connolly.

Shop Talks on Economics. Marcy.
Nature Talks on Economics. Nelson.
Marxism and Darwinism. Pannekoek (new).

The Question Box. Eastwood.

The Social Evil. Greer.

Industrial Socialism. Haywood and Bohn.

The Right to Be Lazy. Lafargue.

The Socialists. Spargo.

The Rights of the Masses. Brewer (new).

The Strength of the Strong. London.

The Socialist Movement. Vail.

Crime and Criminals. Darrow.

Any of these books will be mailed singly for 10 cents each, or in lots of 20 or more for 6 cents each. If your Local has no speakers, you can at least sell the books on the street and from house to house; what you make on them will help you send to your State Secretary for a speaker.

Best of All for Meetings is the **REVIEW**. Nothing else is quite so easy to sell; nothing else is quite so sure to wake up the wage-worker who opens it. We now have several hundred hustlers each selling from 5 to 500 copies a month. There are thousands more who could easily do as well if they tried. For a dollar we will mail you twenty copies of one issue, or ten copies two months, or five copies four months. Larger orders are filled at the same rate; smaller orders at 6 cents a copy.

Subscribe by the Year. If you want to do your part in making a success of the **REVIEW** and the publishing house, send a dollar for a yearly subscription. This is better for you, since you thus make sure of getting every number as soon as published. It is better for the **REVIEW**, since the money paid in advance is so much working capital to be used in improving the magazine and extending its influence. Send the dollar today. Address,

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY,
118 West Kinzie St., Chicago.

Enclosed find \$1.00, for which please send the **INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW** one year to the following address:

Name

Address

P. O. State



Napoleon Bonaparte's

Name fills more pages in the world's solemn history than any other mortal. The celebrated snuff-box portrait reproduced herewith from Ridpath's History of the World is regarded as the best likeness extant of the great Corsican. The tragic account of his rise and fall is but **one** event of all the **thousands** that make up the history of every empire, kingdom, principality and power, all accurately and entertainingly told in the famous publication

Ridpath's History of the World

Over 250,000 sets of this great work have been sold in the past twenty years and every purchaser is more than satisfied. More sets of Ridpath's History have been sold in America than of the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Century Dictionary **combined**. Can you imagine a greater testimonial for any set of books? It is absolutely accurate and impartial and commands the admiration of the English-speaking world. We are closing out the last edition at a great sacrifice in price.

Never Again Such a Book Bargain as This!

WE will name our **special low price** and **easy terms** of payment only in direct letters. A coupon for your convenience is printed on the lower corner of this advertisement. **Tear off the coupon, write your name and address plainly and mail.** We do not publish our special low price for the reason Dr. Ridpath's widow derives her support from the royalty on this History, and to **print our low price broadcast** would cause injury to the sale of future editions.

Six Thousand Years of History

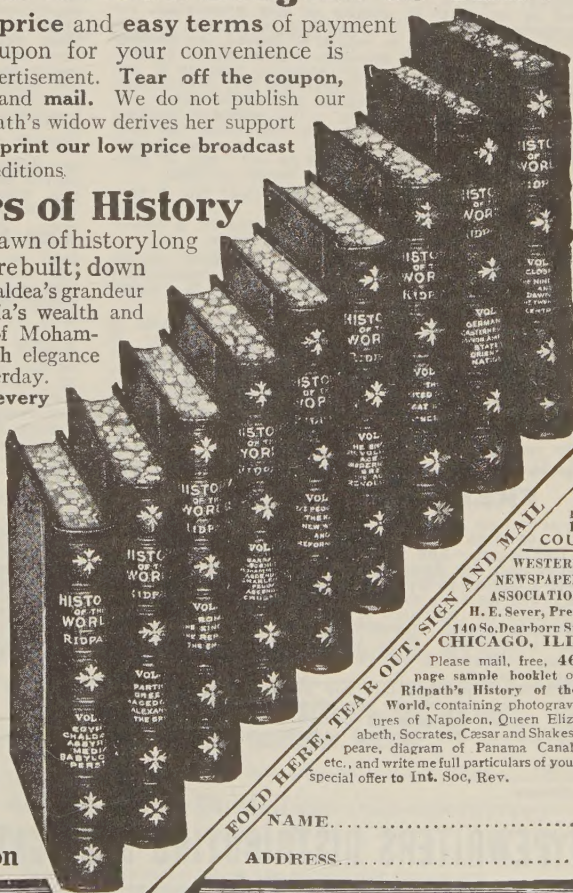
RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power, to the dawn of yesterday.

He covers **every race, every nation, every time** and holds you spellbound by its wonderful eloquence.

46Page Booklet FREE

WE will mail our beautiful forty-six page free booklet without any obligation on your part to buy. It will show Ridpath's wonderfully beautiful style. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

**Western Newspaper Association
CHICAGO**



TOLD HERE. TEAR OUT, SIGN AND MAIL.

**WESTERN
NEWSPAPER
ASSOCIATION**
H. E. Sever, Pres.
140 So. Dearborn St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

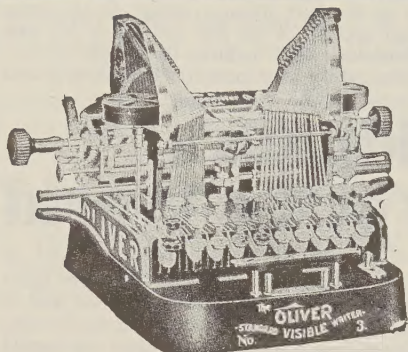
Please mail, free, 46 page sample booklet of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photogravures of Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, Socrates, Caesar and Shakespeare, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to Int. Soc. Rev.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

**13
FREE
COUPON**

The T. D. S. Method Places This Typewriter Easily Within Your Reach



No. 3 OLIVER

At \$56.00 On the Rental Purchase Plan

Read this offer carefully. It is intended to give you just what you want—a dependable, standard, visible typewriter at a price consistent with your requirements and on terms convenient. Our method marks an epoch in the typewriter industry. Heretofore the only machines available at this price or near this price were inferior grades, which few wanted, or else a second-hand machine in questionable condition.

The typewriter that we offer is the famous, genuine No. 3 Oliver, complete with every perfection, every device that ever went out with this model at the maker's standard price. Our method makes the price possible. We sell direct without salesmen at less than agency prices.

Free Trial—No Deposit

We do not ask or expect any money from you until after you have used the typewriter and it has proven to be just what you want—the best typewriter for your purpose.

The machine that we will ship you on approval, without deposit, is a perfect No. 3 Oliver, guaranteed to be equal in quality of any typewriter, regardless of price. The machine is shipped to you in the original box in which it leaves the factory of the maker. Each machine is guaranteed against defect of material or workmanship, just as if you paid the full price. The Oliver No. 3 is dependable. It seldom requires adjustment and never wears out.

It is so simple that after a few minutes' reading of the instruction book that accompanies the machine you can typewrite on it. After a few hours' practice you can write as fast as with pen or pencil, and in a few weeks three times as fast.

Visible Writing The Oliver No. 3 is a visible writer—every letter is in plain sight as soon as printed, a necessity to those who compose as they write.

Universal Keyboard All \$100 standard typewriters have adopted the universal keyboard. It is a waste of time to learn any other.

Capacity You will never be held back in your work if you own an Oliver. It has unlimited speed. The ingenious arrangement of its working parts cannot be described on paper. You will best appreciate when you use. The beautiful work turned out on this typewriter will give your letters distinction.

It is a great manifold— as many as twenty carbon copies can be made at one writing.

Will Write on Ruled Lines

or you can rule lines with it. It will do any practical thing that any typewriter will do, and has many features not found in other makes. It cuts a perfect stencil for mimeograph work.

Will Last a Lifetime Because the Oliver has only one-third as many working parts as the other \$100 machines—because it is built on the correct mechanical principle—because it is made of better than necessary material; it outlasts all others—does not get out of order—so simple anyone can easily master its construction and operation with a few minutes' attention. There is no task too great for this sturdy machine, and above all, it is dependable.

Easy to Run The downward stroke of the type-bar, and the perfect lever adjustment and smooth, wide bearing give the Oliver the lightest action. It is a pleasure to strike the keys. Compact—portable—efficient—a typewriter anyone may be proud to own.

The Proven Typewriter You cannot make a mistake in getting a typewriter of the make that the two largest mail order houses have selected and use exclusively—183 railroads have purchased them—thousands of merchants and professional men all over the world have endorsed the Oliver.

Easy to Own On our plan you pay just the amount that machines of this quality earn as rental. \$4 a month is only 13 cents a day. You practically rent the machine for 13 months and then it is yours and you save practically one-half and you use the machine while paying for it. It will surely earn its own way—bringing you in more money than you pay out.

Give This Typewriter a Chance to Sell Itself

You can have it on trial without obligation—no salesman or agent will call on you—you will be the sole judge. It has got to sell itself, or there is no sale and no obligation. Do not hesitate to accept this liberal trial offer—it is our method of doing business, and we urge you to let us send the machine for trial and examination.

If you do not find it to be a satisfactory typewriter—if you do not find that it meets your every requirement, that it is perfect in every detail and the best typewriter you ever saw, you are not obliged to keep it, and we pay the transportation charges back.

With each machine is a complete outfit, metal cover, ribbon, tools and a big instruction book, practice paper, carbon paper—everything you need.

Isn't that fair? You do not have to send any money, just fill in the attached coupon blank, and mail today.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate,
166 G-35 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

Gentlemen—You may send me a No. 3 Oliver typewriter for five days' trial.

If I decide to keep the typewriter, I agree to pay \$56 as follows: \$4 within five days from the date the machine is delivered for trial and \$4 each month thereafter until the \$56 price has been paid. Title remaining in you until then. Otherwise, I will return it to you at your expense.

10 per cent discount for all cash after five days' trial; or 10 per cent discount for cash on the unpaid balance of contract any time excepting only for the final monthly payment.

Name

Address

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICAT

166 G 35 North Michigan Boulevard
CHICAGO

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Mary E. Marcy, Robert Rives LaMonte, William E. Bohn,
Leslie H. Marcy, Frank Bohn, William D. Haywood, Phillips Russell

The Editor is responsible only for views expressed on the editorial page and in unsigned department matter. Each contributor and associate editor is responsible for views expressed over his own signature.

CONTENTS

Cover Design	<i>Photo by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.</i>
The World's Greatest Labor Play. Illustrated	<i>Phillips Russell</i>
The Conviction of Alexander Scott.	
How a Victory Was Turned Into a "Settlement" in West Virginia. Illustrated	<i>W. H. Thompson</i>
The Betrayal of the West Virginia "Red Necks." Illustrated	<i>Fred H. Merrick</i>
Reconstruction in West Virginia	<i>Edward H. Kintzer</i>
Syndicalism and Industrial Unionism	<i>Louis Fraina</i>
Sex Sterilization	<i>Eva Trew</i>
California and the Japanese	<i>S. Katayama</i>
Born for What?	<i>Elsie Henry Latimer</i>
The Agricultural Industry. Illustrated	<i>Robert Johnstone Wheeler</i>
Class Struggle Notes.	
War in Paterson	<i>John Reed</i>
Socialist Theory and Tactics	<i>Charles A. Rice</i>
Socialism and Education	<i>Wm. E. Bohn</i>

DEPARTMENTS.

Editorial: The Hatfield Whitewash : International Notes : News and Views.

Subscription price, \$1.00 a year, Canada \$1.20, other countries \$1.50

Bundle Rates—20 Copies, \$1.00; 50 Copies, \$2.50; 100 Copies, \$5.00.
5 Copies 4 Months, \$1.00; 10 Copies 4 Months, \$2.00.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers (Co-operative)
118 W. Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second Class Matter July 27, 1900, under Act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1913, by Charles H. Kerr & Company



SCENE FROM PATERSON STRIKE PAGEANT—PICKETING THE MILLS—MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XIV

JULY, 1913

No. 1

The World's Greatest Labor Play

The Paterson Strike Pageant

By Phillips Russell

JUNE 7, 1913, was a red letter day in New York. Literally, too. For when dusk fell on Madison Square, high up on the tower of Madison Square Garden, shone the giant letters "I. W. W.," glowing red in the sky and sending scarlet beams through the smoke that drifts incessantly across the face of Manhattan Island.

It was the first time that those significant letters have ever been given so conspicuous a place. Their mission was to announce something new under the sun, a labor play in which laborers themselves were the actors, managers and sole proprietors, portraying by word and movement their own struggle for a better world.

Imagine a great auditorium, the largest in New York, filled with one of the highest audiences that ever gathered in the metropolis, gazing on the largest amateur production ever staged, with the biggest cast—1,029 members—that ever took part in a play, enacting a life-drama calculated to raise to the highest pitch the most powerful human emotions—and one gets a faint idea of the event in Madison Square Garden on the evening of June 7.

In order to give the reader a mental picture of what happened that night on the stage—which alone cost \$600 to build—it might be well to outline the six episodes composing the pageant as given in the official program, which itself made a good propaganda pamphlet of 32 pages with a lithographed cover:

Scene: Paterson, N. J. Time: A. D. 1913.

The Pageant represents a battle between the working class and the capitalist class conducted by the Industrial Workers of the World (I. W. W.), making use of the general strike as the chief weapon. It is a conflict between two social forces—the force of labor and the force of capital.

While the workers are clubbed and shot by detectives and policemen, the mills remain dead. While the workers are sent to jail by hundreds, the mills remain dead. While organizers are persecuted, the strike continues, and still the mills are dead. While the pulpit thunders denunciation and the press screams lies, the mills remain dead. No violence can make the mills alive—no legal process can resurrect them from the dead. Bayonets and clubs, injunctions and court orders are equally futile.

Only the return of the workers to the mills can give the dead things life. The mills remain dead throughout the enactment of the following episodes.

EPISODE ONE.

1. The Mills Alive—The Workers Dead.

2. The Workers Begin to Think.

Six o'clock on a February morning. The mill windows all aglow. The mill whistle sounds the signal to begin work. Men and women, old and young, come to work in the bitter cold of the dawn. The sound of looms. The beginning of the great silk strike. The striking workers sing the Marseillaise, the entire audience being invited to join in the song of revolt.

EPISODE TWO.

The Mills Dead—The Workers Alive.

Mass picketing. Every worker alert. The police interfere with peaceful picketing and treat the strikers with great brutality. The workers are provoked to anger. Fights between police and strikers ensue. Many strikers are clubbed and arrested. Shots are fired by detectives hired by the manufacturers, and Valentino Modestino, who was not a striker or

a silk mill worker, is hit by a bullet and killed as he stands on the porch of his house with one of his children in his arms.

EPISODE THREE.

The Funeral of Modestino.

The coffin containing the body of Modestino is followed by the strikers in funeral procession to the strains of the Dead March. The strikers passing drop red carnations and ribbons upon the coffin until it is buried beneath the crimson symbol of the workers' blood.

EPISODE FOUR.

Mass Meeting at Haledon.

Great mass meeting of 20,000 strikers. I. W. W. organizers speak. Songs by the strike composers are sung by the strikers. They also sing the International, the Marseillaise and the Red Flag, in which the audience is invited to join.

EPISODE FIVE.

1. May Day.

2. Sending Away the Children.

The May Day Farade. The workers of Paterson, with bands playing, flags flying, and women and children dressed in red, celebrate the international revolutionary labor day.

The strikers give their children to the "strike mothers" from other cities. The strike mothers receive them to be cared for during the war in the silk industry. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn speaks to the strikers and the children, dwelling upon the solidarity of labor shown in this vividly human episode, and is followed by William D. Haywood.

EPISODE SIX.

Strike Meeting in Turn Hall.

The strikers, men and women, legislate for themselves. They pass a law for the eight-hour day. No court can declare the law thus made unconstitutional. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca and William D. Haywood make typical strike speeches.

The New York *Press* the next day said:

"The Garden has held many shows and many audiences, from Dowie to Taft to Buffalo Bill, but it is doubtful if there ever was such an assemblage either as an audience or as a show as was gathered under the huge rafters last night. In fact, it was a mixed grouping that at times they converged and actor became auditor and auditor turned suddenly into actor. When more than 10,000 sang and shouted within, 5,000 outside clamored for admittance and were willing to pay double the prices to get in."

The New York *Evening World* said:

"Fifteen thousand specators applauded with shouts and tears the great Paterson Strike Pageant at Madison Square Garden. The big mill aglow with light in the dark hours of early winter morning, the shrieking whistles, the din of machinery—dying away to give place to the Marseillaise sung by a surging crowd of 1,200 operatives, the fierce battle with the police, the sombre funeral of the victim, the impassioned speech of the agitator, the sending away of the children, the great meeting of desperate hollow-eyed strikers—these scenes

unrolled with a poignant realism that no man who saw them will ever forget."

No spectacle enacted in New York has ever made such an impression. Not the most sanguine member of the committee which made the preparations for the pageant believed that its success would be quite so overwhelming. It is still the talk of New York, most cynical and hardened of cities, and will remain so for many days.

There were times when the committee were assailed with oppressive doubts. When one sat down and thought it over in cold blood, the idea of arranging for and carrying through such a thing in two weeks' time seemed almost grotesque. Outside of the mechanical difficulties involved, the multitudinous details to be attended to, the advance outlay of money that would be necessary seemed to present an insuperable obstacle. There was the single item of \$1,000 to be put down for the rental of one night, the \$750 needed for scenery, the huge sum for advertising, all to be provided.

After plunging in with enthusiasm for the first few days, a bad reaction seized the promoters. They called a meeting in which the most gloomy forebodings were indulged in. There were disturbing reports of the small advance sale of tickets and there were serious proposals to give the whole thing up.

It was the workers themselves who stepped into the breach. Delegates from the New York silk strikers, whose cause has almost been lost sight of in the more spectacular struggle of Paterson, arose indignantly.

"What?" they cried. "Give this thing up after our people have set their hearts upon it? Never! Is it money you need? Leave it to us—we'll raise that! We are poor. We are on strike. But a lot of us still have a few dollars left in the savings bank that we've been putting by through many years. We'll get it out and lump it together. We will go to our business men and say: 'Here, we've been trading with you a long time. We have helped to make your profits. Now you help us or we won't trade with you any more.' Never mind. You leave it to us—we will raise the money."

And they did. Other generous people, more richly upholstered with ready cash,

also came forward with contributions and in four days there was ample money with which to cover all deposits.

And it was found that the result was worth all the toil and trouble involved. The lives of most of us are sordid and grey. So tightly are we tied to the petty round of toil to which our galley-masters bind us, that most of us probably are born, live and die without experiencing one deep-springing, surging, devastating emotion. We are either afraid to feel or we have lost the capacity.

The Paterson pageant will be remembered for the sweeping emotions it shot through the atmosphere if for no other reason. Waves of almost painful emotion swept over that great audience as the summer wind converts a placid field of wheat into billowing waves. It was all real, living, and vital to them. There were veterans of many an industrial battle in that audience, though the cheeks of many still held the pink of youth.

Who could sit quietly in his seat when that mill, wonderfully portrayed on canvas in the first scene, suddenly ceased its grinding whirr and shot from its belly that mass of eddying, struggling human beings loudly chorusing their exultant war songs as they proclaimed themselves on strike? Stage managers annually spend months of toil on a "mob scene" that the Paterson strikers outclassed with a single rehearsal. As a spectacle it was perfect. Nowhere was there a suggestion of "acting," of going through "a part." The people on the stage had long ago forgotten the audience. The audience had long ago forgotten itself. It had become a part of the scene. All simply lived their battles over again.

Then in strong contrast came the death and burial of Modestino, killed by a detective's bullet. There was no attempt at theatrical effect here. It was conducted with the utmost simplicity. And the Garden knew it. It held its breadth in utter silence for throbbing minutes,

while Modestino's widow, seated in a box nearby, buried her head in her hands.

There followed the reproduction of a Haledon open-air meeting, with its magic singing by the Germans and Italians. There was a chorus leader who sang in a clear, musical voice that reached the uttermost parts of the Garden, and how his people did respond to him with their lyric replies! Again and again the audience demanded repetitions of these strange, wonderfully musical chants, composed and sung by the strikers themselves. The words, meaningless without the voices, went as follows:

Now friends and fellow workers;
this strike we shall win!

(Chorus: this strike we shall win,
this strike we shall win!

Let us all join in the chorus:

Hurrah for Miss Flynn!

Chorus): Hurrah for Miss Flynn

hurrah for Miss Flynn!

Italian, French and German,
Hungarian, Jew and Polish;
We'll make all together

one nationality.

I llallara', llallara', llallara', lla',

(coro) llallara', llallara', llallara', lla'.

Stu sciopero fa conoscere
ca nuie nce mantenimmo
uniti e cumpattimmo
cu forza e abilita'

E llilliri' llilliri' lli'

e ellilliri' llilliri' lla'

Vivi Tresca Haywood e Flynn,
notte e ghiorno 'imm'allucca',

(coro) repeat.

Another vivid contrast came in the sending away of the children, with Gurdy Flynn holding children, mothers on the stage and audience alike hanging on her words as if the scene was real.

The pageant was the suggestion of William D. Haywood. The scenes were arranged and staged by Ernest Poole and Thompson Buchanan, playwrights both. The difficult work of rehearsal was done by Jack Reed, the young magazine writer, who got 20 days in Paterson jail because a policeman objected to the set of his ears. The people who deserve credit for putting the pageant through are without number.



COMRADE SCOTT.

The Conviction of Alexander Scott

A STATES Prison sentence of not more than fifteen years nor less than one year, with a fine of \$250, was imposed, June 6th, on Alexander Scott, editor of the *Weekly Issue*, official organ of the Socialist party of Passaic County, who was convicted on June 3rd on a charge of "aiding and abetting hostilities to the government of the City of Paterson," by Judge Klenert in the Court of Quarter Sessions.

No sooner was sentence announced when Henry Carless, a Socialist attorney of Newark, and Henry Marelli, both of whom defended Scott, filed notice that a writ of error had been applied for, a copy of which notice was presented to the judge. Bail of \$3,000 was fixed and Scott was later released when Samuel Ginsburg, of Passaic, furnished the bond.

Scott was found guilty and sentenced under a law placed on the statute books in 1902 shortly after the assassination of President McKinley, but never before invoked in the State of New Jersey. Scott's indictment was caused by the publication of editorials and pictures in the *Issue* in which the police, especially Chief Bimson, was characterized as the "boss anarchist" and the "boss strike-breaker."

Scott's conviction practically makes it a crime for any paper to criticize public officials, and makes the constitutional guarantee of free press a dead letter. In the prosecution of the case the state contended that the police were a part of the city government and that ridiculing the police was ridiculing the government.

"If we can't criticize a policeman for his brutality, we might as well give up publication of newspapers in this country," remarked a prominent newspaper man who was a visitor in court when sentence was imposed on Scott. He was highly indignant over the sentence, and said he would start a nation-wide movement to have the Scott verdict reversed.

That the authorities of Paterson have made up their minds to suppress the *Issue* was evidenced by the fact that they forced the sentence of Scott as soon as he was convicted. Though Patrick L. Quinlan, the silk strike leader, was convicted several weeks ago, the authorities made no move to sentence him, but they hurried the sentence of Scott.

While Scott's case was rushed through, the authorities have made no move to prosecute the policemen who stole an edition of the *Issue* by breaking in the So-

cialist party headquarters and taking possession of 5,000 copies of the paper. The policemen are now out on \$200 bail each, while Scott's bail is fixed at \$3,000.—*N. Y. Call*.

While the lawyers were arguing over technicalities, Scott, unconcerned, was busily engaged noting the proceedings in a notebook. "I am in the fight to win, and I am confident of exoneration in the higher courts," said Scott. "They cannot suppress the *Issue*."

But the Socialists and Industrial unionists do not propose that Scott should serve one month in prison if they can help it. The S. P. of New Jersey, will appeal to the National Socialist Party to take up the Scott case and make a nation-wide fight in his behalf.

Solidarity, the I. W. W. organ has issued a call for protest meetings. "Scott has stood by the I. W. W. and the I. W. W. must stand by him," writes Justus Ebert.

Rarely is it permitted the Socialist party to feel as justly proud of the work of one of its newspaper editors as we have long felt of Comrade Scott. Day by day, week by week, when all the press was denying the Paterson strikers a hearing and when the strikers were unable to present their side of the fight, Comrade Scott stood valiantly by them, exposing the plots and counter-plots of the police to start trouble and throwing the light of publicity upon all the dark methods of the mill owners.

The capitalists in Paterson are fully aware of the great service the *Passaic Weekly Issue* rendered the strikers and it is to teach Socialist and labor editors that they cannot aid the working class in its labor struggles, with impunity, that they have fought so hard to convict Scott.

Contributions for the defense fund may be sent to this office or to W. B. Killingbeck, State Secretary, S. P., address 62 Williams street, Orange, New Jersey.

SCOTT'S RINGING DEFI.

Guilty or not guilty, prison or no prison, I will continue to exercise my constitutional right of free speech. As long as I live I shall voice my protest, in one way or another, against conditions which I consider to be unjust and unwarranted. I shall always consider it, not only my right, but my duty to criticize brutality and despotism, whether the transgressor be one of Paterson's brass-buttoned ruffians or the President of the United States.

If it is a crime and forbidden by the laws of this country and state to criticize public officials and employes for violating the Constitution then it is high time we changed the law. For with the right of free expression taken from us we are on the high road to an oligarchy, compared to which Russia is an ideal of democracy.

But the Constitution, both state and national, guarantees the right of free press, free speech and free assemblage, and I am still of the opinion that the Constitution is greater than the authorities of Paterson.

It is because the *Weekly Issue* fought with the strikers that its editor is persecuted. The paper has been an inspiration to the strikers. It has nailed the lies of the manufacturers' newspapers, which from the beginning did all in their power to break the strike. It has exposed the lawlessness of the officials and the police, and it will continue to do so. It refuses to be suppressed. It refuses to be muzzled. Its editor is not afraid to go to jail. Better men than he have died in jail.

You may jail men, but you cannot jail an idea.

Let me say with Lloyd Garrison: "I will not retract a single inch and I will be heard."



HOME, SWEET HOME, AT HOLLYGROVE, PAINT CREEK. FOR FOUR SEASONS THE FIGHTING MINERS HAVE LIVED IN THE HILLS.

How a Victory a "Settlement"

BY

W. H. Thompson, Editor

Was Turned Into in West Virginia

Huntington

Socialist and Labor Star



COMRADE

THOMPSON.

TO those who have been actively engaged in the epochal struggle of the coal miners in this state the present status of affairs is anything but optimistic.

The miners after having put up a fight that won the admiration of the entire working class the country over, have lost their strike and are being driven sullenly back to the Coal Trust's subterranean hells to produce coal for their brutal masters under the same conditions which have prevailed in the West Virginia coal

fields for years, and against which these miners revolted over a year ago.

It is not my intention to give a recapitulation of the stirring events of the Paint Creek strike, but rather a hurried sketch of the manner in which a well earned victory was turned into an empty and meaningless *settlement*, by a combination of forces against which the miners found themselves helpless.

The coal diggers of the Kanawha valley have proven themselves to be as brave and loyal a set of men as ever established



MILITARY HEADQUARTERS AT PRATT. THE FOUR MEN FACING CAMERA WERE MILITARY PRISONERS FOR 101 DAYS. ROME MITCHELL, SOCIALIST CONSTABLE; BRANT SCOTT, SOCIALIST JUSTICE OF THE PEACE; G. F. PARSONS AND A. D. LAVENDER.

a picket line. They have stoically and uncomplainingly borne the barbaric and inhuman treatment to which they were subjected by the Coal Trust and its political creature—the state government. They had by the sheer force of solidarity, and in spite of the weakness of the antiquated tactics taught them by the officials of the United Mine Workers of America, brought the coal barons to their knees. The state government, too, had exhausted its ingenuity and failed to break the strike. There remained but one hope for the masters of the mines. That was to enlist in their behalf the United Mine Workers of America.

When in the course of these remarks I use the expression “U. M. W. of A.,” it is meant to apply, not to the men who actually dig coal, but rather to the official oligarchy known as the National Executive Board, members of which were handling the strike in this state.

Overtures were evidently made to these representatives by Governor H. D. Hatfield, acting for the coal autocracy. An agreement was reached, and the three organizations, viz: the Coal Trust, the State government and the U. M. W. of

A., acting co-operatively, played the last card which won for the mine owners that which they would have never gained unaided by their last ally.

Everything being “understood” and agreed upon, Hatfield made public what he termed a “proposal for the settlement of the Kanawha strike.”

The proposal made no mention of the three cardinal demands of the miners: the elimination of the hated guard system, the right to belong to a union and the payment of the “Kanawha Scale” of wages. In fact it offered absolutely nothing in the way of concessions from the operators — merely insisting — when sheared of its luxuriant verbosity—that the miners return to work under the same conditions that existed before they struck—if the mine owners would let them.

The U. M. W. of A. called a delegate convention to act upon the proposal, while the operators immediately notified the governor that they would accept it. The miners’ delegates, called from the camps up in the hills, were unanimous in treating the “proposal” as a huge joke. It was a thing of emptiness—offering

them nothing but what they could have secured at any time since the strike began. Judge then their surprise when upon being called to order by their National officials they found that these leaders were seriously advocating the acceptance of the proposition!

The delegates voiced their objections so strenuously that the leaders decided that a whole lot of "educating" must be done before the delegates could be persuaded to accept the raw mess offered them.

A campaign of speechmaking began and for three days the convention was compelled to hear exhortations favoring the acceptance of the proposal, delivered by everybody interested in its acceptance—from Governor Hatfield down to the paid attorneys for the U. M. W. of A.

All this being unavailing, on the third day of the convention, Director Hatfield issued his famous (now infamous) 36-hour ultimatum, which gave the miners their choice of returning to work on the terms dictated by him or being immediately deported from the state.

Of course this threat had little effect upon the delegates. They had fought and beaten the army of murderous mine guards, faced machine guns in action and successfully defied the state Cossacks—threats were the smallest of their worries. But with the "officials" in charge it was different. The governor's threat said to them in so many words: "You are slow in carrying out your part of the bargain—hurry."

Realizing that laudatory speech-making and persuasion were not going to induce these hard-headed delegates to sell the blessing of victory for a mess of burned pottage, they were compelled to resort to downright trickery and deceit.

A committee was appointed from among the delegates to draw up a counter-proposition, setting forth the terms upon which they would be willing to return to work, this to be submitted to the governor in answer to his proposal. The committee drew up the proposition which was presented to and endorsed by the convention. It was then turned over to the officials with instructions that they present it to His Highness.

The following day the convention was given to understand that Hatfield had ac-

cepted their proposal as an amendment to his proposition. The two documents were then read and a vote was taken upon what the delegates afterwards, and now, claim they believed was the acceptance of their own proposal. However, the two propositions had been juggled in such a manner, by those who are adepts in such arts, that the miners—necessarily untrained in the gentle ways of parliamentary legerdemain, had in reality voted for and accepted the original odious Hatfield offer, their own proposition having been promptly turned down by that gentleman with the remark that he "could not force the mine owners to comply with it."

These things were not made public, of course, until after the convention had adjourned. You can imagine the surprise and chagrin of the miners upon being informed by the daily papers that they had tamely submitted to the dictator's demands after he had spurned their own offer of a basis of settlement.

This information was followed by orders from headquarters at Charleston to the effect that the miners return to work at once. This they refused to do. Then the officials, escorted by detachments of the governor's hated yellow-legs, visited the tented villages in the mountains and bluntly informed the rebellious strikers that their relief would be cut off at once and the tents burned over their heads if they did not submit to the settlement and return to work.

Under these circumstances there was nothing to do but obey and the strikers began to apply for work at the mines. All those known to have been most active during the strike were refused employment. These to the number of 400 are still idle, for the good and simple reason that they are very effectively black-listed at every coal mine in the valley. All others are working under the same, or worse conditions than existed before the strike began.

Of course it was thoroughly realized by the powers that be that there was one remaining obstruction in the way of a complete establishment of their neatly planned "settlement." That was the Socialist press.

Editor C. H. Boswell, of the *Charleston Labor Argus*, had been approached some months before and it was insinuated

that a "settlement" might be arranged. He promptly and forcefully informed the "approachers" that *The Argus* was fighting for victory for the rank and file and that if any crooked work was attempted something would drop. Boswell was arrested a few days later and safely planted in the bull pen. *The Argus*, however, had continued, and the *Huntington Socialist and Labor Star* had also begun to show an inquisitive interest in the happenings affecting the strikers. These two agencies must be silenced, temporarily at least, decided the three-armed combination most interested in the success of the settlement. No sooner said than done. Martial law was in effect in the coal field, so the commander-in-chief simply dispatched a detail of yellow-legs to Charleston to confiscate *The Labor Argus* and "jug" Fred Merrick, who was suspected of being editor pro tem. The same gentle methods of suppression were used on the *Huntington Star*.

With all those who would doubtless make an effective protest against the deal being put over on the fighting miners by the unholy trinity, safely "jugged," the settlement proceeded apace. The coal operators, the prostituted press and the U. M. W. of A. officials all joined in sing-

ing hosannas of praise for the highly satisfactory manner in which His Highness, Hatfield, had settled the strike.

But the last act of despotism on the part of the trinity, the confiscation of the Socialist papers, brought on unexpected complications. The Socialist and labor papers, and hundreds of the capitalist papers throughout the country severely condemned this blundering attack upon the rights of a free press. The National Socialist organization was at last shocked into action and decided to send a committee into West Virginia to find out if we really were having a fight down here. The committee arrived, established headquarters at the most expensive hotel in the capitol city and immediately went into conference with the leaders of the U. M. W. of A.

From conferences with this branch of the triumvirate the committee naturally drifted into conferences with the other branches, Hatfield, the local politicians and the coal barons.

After a week devoted exclusively to these secretive but doubtless instructing conferences, and before they had visited the mining camps or talked with the local Socialists, members of the committee began talking—to the capitalist papers.



SOCIALISTS' INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE AT THE "HOME" OF COMRADE F. S. NANTZ, WHO WAS SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY BY THE MILITARY COURT FOR TELLING CAPTAIN BOND TO "GO TO HELL."

The sayings attributed to them had a familiar sound. They were practically the same sentences that the U. M. W. of A. officials had used, and that the newspapers themselves had used, and that Hatfield himself had used, to justify existing conditions and official anarchy.

Here are some of the headlines appearing over these interviews, quoted *verbatim*:

"Debs Exonerates Hatfield."

"'A Manly Man,' Says Debs of Hatfield."

"'Conditions Have Improved Under Hatfield,' Says Socialist Committee."

And so on *ad nauseam*.

At the time the committee was giving out these interesting interviews, fifteen Socialists were lying in the filthiest jail in West Virginia with nothing charged against them other than that the U. M. W. of A. was afraid that they might interfere with their little "settlement" of the strike; two Socialist papers were suppressed and their plants destroyed, the striking miners were being forced back

into the mines by the mine guards, the state soldiery and the U. M. W. of A. officials.

After the committee began to "see things in the right light," we prisoners were released. Comrade Berger in interviewing himself in his paper says the committee secured our release. As for this I can't vouch, but I do say that if the committee's endorsement of Hatfield and his despotism was the price paid for our liberty, then it made a damn poor bargain, and one that we had repeatedly refused to consider while confined in bull-pens and jails at the absolute mercy of this monster.

The suppression of the papers also had a good effect upon the then pending Kern resolution calling for a federal investigation of the new style of government established in West Virginia. It passed the senate, despite the frantic opposition of our "invisible government" and the committee begins its investigation the day after this is written. This appears to be worrying the powers-that-be more than anything else that has happened in connection with the class struggle down here. Herculean efforts have been made



KANAWHA COUNTY JAIL AT CHARLESTON. THE FILTHIEST PLACE OF ITS KIND IN THE UNITED STATES. WHEN THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN IT CONTAINED FRED MERRICK, W. H. THOMPSON AND SEVEN OTHER SOCIALISTS WHO WERE BEING "DETAINED" BY THE HONORABLE GOVERNOR HATFIELD.



THE YOUNG IDEA LEARNING HOW TO SHOOT.

to obliterate evidences of the titanic battle that has been waged. If the coal barons get by this investigation scatheless, they have won their fight at every point.

The miners have been forced to return to work under the old hellish condition of virtual peonage; the precedent of military drum-head trials and convictions of agitators has been firmly established, in fact the right of Mammon to rule, to rob, to crush and kill has been more firmly enthroned than ever before, and more securely guarded.

As a fitting reward for faithful service in helping to bring about the pleasing "settlement," today's papers carry the cheering intelligence that the U. M. W. of A., including its principal officials, has been indicted in the Federal court here, charged with being a conspiracy in

restraint of trade and a buster of the sacred Sherman Anti-Trust law.

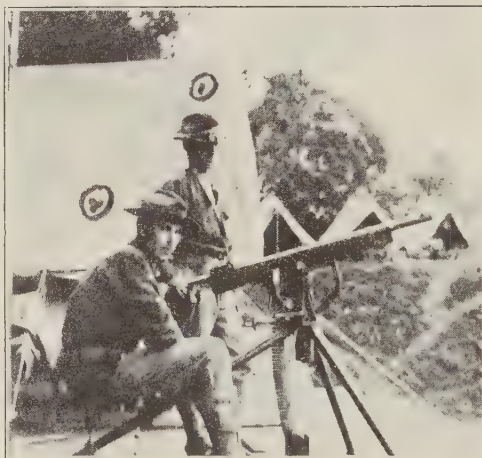
All those working class comrades who see clearly the situation in this state are pessimistic in their utterances. Personally, I know of but one thing that could possibly turn the miners' defeat into victory and that is to initiate these mountaineers into the mysteries of Twentieth century fighting tactics, including a thorough working knowledge of that powerful weapon—industrial unionism—One Big Union, in which the **rank and file decide** all questions for **themselves**.

Note.—Last reports say that Thomas Haggerty, U. M. W. of A. official, is suing Comrade Boswell for exposures of his methods in handling the strike, alleged libel. Comrade Boswell is back on the *Labor Argus* to stay, and to tell the truth no matter who gets hit.

The latest telegraph dispatches state that the miners in the Paint and Cabin Creek districts have repudiated the settlement and are demanding their officials to call a general strike.

The Betrayal of the West Virginia Red Necks

By Fred H. Merrick, Editor (Pittsburgh, Pa.) Justice



PROFESSIONAL MAN KILLERS AND A
MACHINE GUN.

IT WILL be hopelessly impossible within the narrow confines of this brief article to give the reader more than a skeleton of the real "inside" story of the great strike raging in West Virginia, which the greed of coal operators, subserviency of political officials, especially the courts and sheriffs, brutality of heartless degenerates known as "Baldwins" or "mine guards," drum-head court martials of the militia, duplicity of their own attorneys, misrepresentation by newspapers, treachery of many officials of their own union and the crowning act of all, the betrayal or misrepresentation of their cause to the Socialists of America

by a committee elected by the National Committee to investigate conditions in West Virginia—all have utterly failed to break.

To all the horrors which a strike of a year's duration in tents on the bleak winter mountains of "Little Switzerland" means, was added the base conduct of those labor and so-called "Socialist" parasites who today make their living as advisors of the toilers without themselves undergoing the privations incident to toil and revolution. Volumes could and undoubtedly will yet be written on this phase of the West Virginia struggle which is far more vital than the spectac-

ular battles which have been described again and again.

It is not unfair to say that the facts merely suggested here will never find publicity through the orthodox labor or Socialist press, but if the reader has his class conscious curiosity sufficiently aroused by this brief resume to thoroughly investigate the sordid tale of the betrayal of the West Virginia "red necks" as many of the officials and organizers of the U. M. W. of A. contemptuously refer to the West Virginia miners, the purpose of this story will have been accomplished. Before passing judgment on the harshness of some of the terms used in this article examine each statement of fact carefully and see if such conduct should not be described in terms calculated to arouse the militant toilers of America, whether the object be our formerly "beloved 'Gene,'" who seems to have fallen by the wayside, or our genial friend from Milwaukee.

The West Virginia strike may roughly be divided into three distinct stages:

1. The unorganized strike stage when the miners aided by the local Socialists made their valiant fight at a time when the officials of the U. M. W. of A. did absolutely nothing to help. Towards the latter part of this period "Mother" Jones appeared and helped her "boys" to "fight like hell." The method of breaking the strike employed during this time was confined entirely to the physical brutality of Baldwin mine guards and the less efficient National guard or militia. The miners were able to handle this sort of "suppression" with some first-class "direct action." During this period the miners scored a decisive victory.

2. Immediately following election in November different tactics were employed. Certain treacherous officials of the union deliberately asked for martial law. Following this they attempted to compromise the strike which the militia was unable to break alone. The climax of this period dominated by the officials of the U. M. W. of A. came with Hatfield's notorious deportation ultimatum of April 27th, which was endorsed and supported enthusiastically by the officials of the U. M. W. of A. from President White down through Frank Hayes, Thomas Haggerty and Joe Vasey. However, the



A LITTLE FATHERLESS SOCIALIST.

(Comrade Estep had his little daughter in his arms when he was murdered by Mine Guards, who riddled his cabin with a machine gun.)

tactics employed of attempting to break the strike with the machine of the U. M. W. of A. failed miserably and another trick was employed.

3. This period is marked by the advent of the Socialist National Investigating Committee which endorsed the conduct of Governor Hatfield for the most part thereby giving a clean bill of health to the officials of the U. M. W. of A. who had accepted Hatfield's "settlement," thereby becoming the agents through whom the operators hoped to accomplish a "settlement" which police brutality, the diplomacy of Hatfield and the treachery of U. M. W. of A. officials had failed to accomplish. Due to the splendid common sense education on Socialism the miners had received for two years through the columns of the *Charleston Labor Argus*, edited by fearless Charles H. Boswell, the miners and local Social-

ists received the committee not as heroes, but as ordinary human beings. They refused to accept the "settlement" because its sponsor had been whitewashed by the committee, just as before.

The first period has been adequately dealt with by the capitalist magazines where it received more attention than was ever given it by the Socialist press, who seemed afraid of it for some reason.

The second period is marked by successive steps of compromise which are a disgrace even to the black record of the U. M. W. of A., who have so often betrayed the West Virginia miners that it has become an old story. Let us get a birds-eye view of how the machine of this organization pulled the sting out of the demands of the miners so gradually that the miners themselves did not realize that it was being done.

1. In the early Spring of 1912, a convention of miners was called at Charleston, where it was understood the demands of the miners would be the same as elsewhere in the United States and were to include an EIGHT-HOUR DAY. As West Virginia coal is mined cheaper per ton than any other coal there is less reason for working more than eight hours than there is in other states.

2. Another convention of miners was held in Charleston in April, 1912. In the interim the Cleveland scale had been adopted and at this convention the local officials, with the acquiescence of the national organization, persuaded the miners to modify their demands to ONE-HALF the Cleveland scale and, from an EIGHT-HOUR to a NINE-HOUR DAY. Following the strike, the miners kept up such a hot fight that the union officials were apparently afraid to attempt any more compromises until following the court martialing of "Mother" Jones, Brown, Boswell and other Socialists. Immediately after Hatfield's inauguration on March 4th, with everyone apparently intimidated, things temporarily quiet, President White, on March 26th, walked into the Governor's office without authority of the miners to change their already compromised demands, and submitted a type-written proposition to the governor upon which he proposed to sign a contract binding every miner in the state of West Virginia for three years. In this propo-

sition PRESIDENT WHITE HAD USURPED THE POWER TO DROP THE DEMANDS OF THE APRIL, 1912, CONVENTION FOR INCREASE EQUAL TO HALF OF CLEVELAND SCALE.

By submitting this proposition of economic demands to an officer of the political state to act as a go-between for operators and miners he had also made a very dangerous compromise. The moral effect of his act was to impress the miners with the idea the governor was a disinterested third party who would do justice to the two parties engaged in class war. Hatfield was not long in taking advantage of the opportunity offered. He called the operators in and they submitted a counter proposition in which White's offer was still further modified. Hatfield then submitted through the press to the public a "suggestion" of settlement which was the basis the operators offered to settle on.

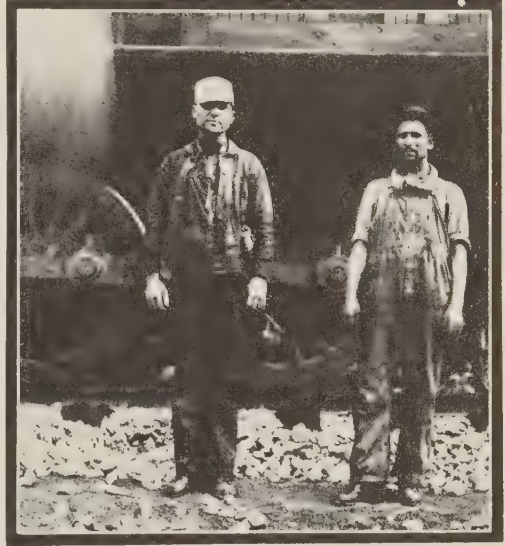
The National officials of the union called a convention April 22, 1913, at Charleston, of delegates from Paint and Cabin Creeks and Coal River strike zones. When this convention was convened it was found that more than 90 per cent of the delegates and two officials of the union were bitterly opposed to the governor's proposition, which was simply the bare ultimatum of the operators. These delegates for days arose and rehearsed the year of bitter suffering as conclusive argument why they should not go back on such a basis of compromise. Day after day the officials argued and coaxed and threatened. The "pay-roll" worked the streets and hotel lobbies at night like ward heeling politicians, recalcitrant delegates were doped in saloons and every dirty trick known to labor union politics was attempted. On Wednesday evening Harold W. Houston, at that time Secretary of the Socialist party of West Virginia and attorney for the U. M. W. of A. made a radical Socialist speech which was applauded vigorously by the miners. He won their confidence.

But Friday, April 25th, rolled around and the "God damn red necks couldn't be controlled," a prominent official put it. The miners wouldn't accept the compromise. Hatfield became im-

patient over the inability of Haggerty, Vasey & Company to deliver the goods, and he issued his ultimatum of April 25. With this as a club the officials tried to scare the "red necks," but men who had fought Baldwin guards and faced machine guns and dum-dum bullets weren't much afraid of the threats of a Hatfield. So the last trick was pulled from the stacked cards of craft union politics. Harold Houston was approached. He was made to believe that it was the best thing for the miners to go back. He was then told that he was the only one the miners had confidence enough in to listen to and that if he would advocate their acceptance of the proposition the delegates would accede. Houston weakened and agreed that on condition that a communication be sent the governor interpreting "discrimination" to mean that no striker should be refused employment he would advise acceptance. This was done and the miners reluctantly followed the advice of their trusted lawyer "leader" and adjourned April 26th with the distinct understanding that the national officials would stand by them against any discrimination—that "all or none must return to work."

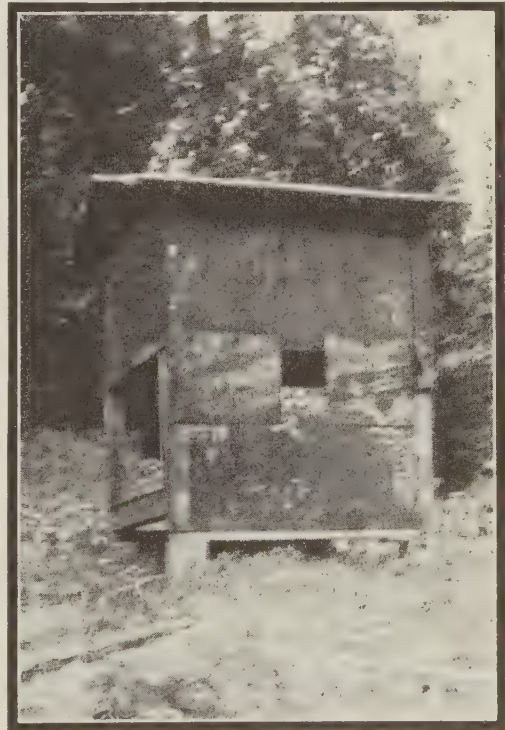
But the operators saw that the miners had begun to weaken and they gave Hatfield to distinctly understand that the "agitators" would not be taken back. And despite the months of persecution and the imprisonment of many Socialists, there were scores more on the creeks. Hatfield, true to his capitalist interests, immediately issued his now famous 24-hour ultimatum of April 27th threatening deportation to all miners and sympathizers unless every miner in the strike zone was at work Monday morning, April 28th, and in this, distinctly said regarding the re-employment of all the strikers, "It would be presumptuous for me to tell employers whom they should employ." Everyone understood immediately that the "agitators" would not get back. Hundreds refused to apply for work as being a violation of the action of the convention of April 22nd, and the solemn pledges of the national officials that they would stand by the men and support them in a continuance of the strike if they did not all get back.

Despite the governor's outrageous and



TWO GOOD BROTHERHOOD MEN WHO RUN THE ENGINE OF THE BULL MOOSE MURDER TRAIN. FIFTY-TWO ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN REFUSED BEFORE THESE TWO UNION SCABS WERE SECURED.

unconstitutional conduct which was in addition a violation of his own flowery



MINE GUARDS' FORT OF SHEET STEEL FROM WHICH MACHINE GUN FIRE WAS OPENED UPON DEFENSELESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

promises, Joe Vasey, who had been conveniently left in charge of the situation by Haggerty, issued a statement to the press which was published Monday morning as follows: "At 9:30 p. m. Governor Hatfield called up the President at Clarksburg." Yet with the villain responsible for these outrages present, Vice-President Hayes, whose "Socialism" has been used as a bait for the radical miners for years, introduced Hatfield to the miners in a disgustingly laudatory fashion and the governor then proceeded to make a speech characteristic of the finished politician, in which he said he was the laboring man's governor and that "By God the interests don't control me."

Following this was the advent of the Socialist National Investigating Committee. This committee's report should be reviewed at length, but that is impossible here. Harsh terms must be used in dealing with it, but ample proof can be adduced for every charge including personal witnesses if necessary.

The writer charges that when Debs says that the conduct of the committee was received with rejoicing and enthusiasm he either ignorantly or intentionally misrepresents the facts as scores of witnesses can be produced to prove the contrary.

The writer further brands as absolute falsehood the statement that the court-

martialing of "Mother" Jones, Brown, Boswell, Parsons and others occurred under Glasscock. Hatfield was inaugurated on March 4th. The Governor had full control of martial law and under Hatfield's administration the drumhead court martial sat on March 7th and placed on trial 51 persons. The sessions of this court continued until March 12th. More than this, it can be proven that the committee's attention was called to this error before they left Charleston and yet they deliberately returned to Chicago and sent broadcast to the country a statement they had been informed was unqualifiedly false. Witnesses can be produced to prove this also.

Numerous other glaring misstatements could be shown did space permit. However, the important point is that the committee was impelled to whitewash Hatfield because officials of the U. M. W. of A. had endorsed Hatfield's conduct and the Paint-Cabin Creek "settlement" of April 28th. If the Socialist committee condemned Hatfield, it would lead to condemnation and exposure of the "settlement" and the treachery of officials of the U. M. W. of A. Vote wooers do not wish to offend influential craft union leaders.

Send your subscription to the *Labor Argus*, Charleston, W. Va., and help the fight. Seventy-five cents a year. In clubs of ten, 50c.

Unions Repudiate Debs' Escort, Haggerty

BEECH GROVE, W. VA.,

SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1913.

AT a mass meeting of the miners comprising the membership of Locals No. 2508, No. 1209 and No. 2353, District No. 17, U. M. W. of A., assembled at Beech Grove, West Virginia, June 1, 1913, at which R. O. Mitchell was elected permanent chairman and Judson Godfrey permanent secretary, the following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, it has become necessary for us, the miners of this locality and of the different locals, to condemn the policy of the international board member, Thomas Haggerty of District No. 2, and National Organizer Joe Vasey as detrimental to our best interests by using the capitalistic press to forward the policy of Gov. H. D. Hatfield, whose interest is entirely with the coal operators of this state and against the miners; be it

Resolved, That we request International President John P. White to recall said Thomas Haggerty and Joe Vasey from this

state immediately as their public utterances through the press are an insult to our imprisoned brothers who have been incarcerated in bull-pens and different jails and on the cold floors of these prisons for over 100 days. And be it further

Resolved, That we condemn the policy of Governor Hatfield as unfair to organized labor as he is powerless and incompetent to make any agreement for us, the miners of District No. 17, West Virginia, and that we ignore every act of Haggerty and Vasey.

This meeting is held in the martial law zone. Martial law is still on in a district where peace and quietness reign and has been since the 10th of February, 1913, and that we denounce martial law, and that we, the organized miners, abhor the presence of Haggerty and Vasey as we do a Baldwin thug, and that you, President White, recall them from our midst, at once, and that a copy be published in the *Labor Argus*.

(Stamped with the seal of the three local unions.)

Reconstruction in West Virginia

By

Edward H. Kintzer, State Secretary Socialist Party.

A GAINST the forces of capitalism and capitalist methods and tactics, the Socialist and miners of West Virginia made a defense that should go a long way toward removing internal differences of the Socialist party, over mooted questions of direct and political action. In no instance where force was used in the strike can it be shown that the Socialists and miners were the aggressors; not in any instance can it be learned where they lacked courage, conviction, or where they stood in fear of censure or expulsion from their political party for a violation of Art. II, Sec. 6. They did not do it from choice, but from necessity.

—THEY VOTE—

And yet they are not opposed to political action. In fact they have long known the power of their political weapon. They stood by the Socialist party as the Socialists have stood with them. In Paint Creek and Cabin Creek districts the Socialists polled a majority over all other political parties combined, electing Justices of the Peace and Constables. The miners remained with the party in their locals so long as they could hold together in the "war," and immediately upon cessation of hostilities old locals began to dues are requesting "strike stamps," as take on life, and the miners unable to pay dues are requesting "strike stamps," as they term the "exempt" stamps.

Here is a situation such as never before favored party work in any state. West Virginia is a ripened field for the harvest. In these mountains, where it may generally be understood that Socialism is backward, one hears the talk of the Revolution; of Socialism and Unionism. It is a well-balanced condition, and there is not the slightest friction over the kind of unionism, so long as it is revolutionary. It must be that, or it soon will be. The miners will make it so if it isn't, and any set of principles or any person that is not responsive to this condition has

small quarter with the miners, and no endorsement by them.

Socialists All.

Quite recently 5,000 men in the New River district were organized as District 29, U. M. W. of A. For president the miners selected L. C. Rogers, State Executive Committeeman of the Socialist party; and other avowed Socialists were chosen for the offices under him. Rogers was the guide and companion of John Kenneth Turner, during his recent investigation of "Barbarous West Virginia."

Many sub-districts are being formed in the New River section, where a strike is now in progress.

Along with the work of organizing miners' unions, the political side need not be neglected. Where one can be accomplished the other is possible of being organized. Where it is impossible to organize unions, there no propaganda for Socialism can be carried on and a local cannot be formed. In the lower section of the state, where the mine guards are operating, it is still unsafe to hold meetings.

Thugs Must Go.

But the tide is turning. Public sentiment is favoring the miners. Many public officials are in disgrace. Citizens are aroused. At Beckley, where District 29 held its first meeting a few days ago, the citizens of Raleigh county were represented. Stirring resolutions were passed condemning the mine guard system, and a committee, among them the prosecuting attorney for Raleigh county, was selected to journey to Charleston and lay before the governor the proposition that the mine guards and sluggers will not be tolerated in that county.

As rapidly as the feudal system of West Virginia can be corrected, so rapidly does the propaganda of Socialism become less difficult. As fast as the ground is broken by organizers in the economic organizations, the paths for Socialist or-

ganizers become easier. Where one can go there the other can also enter. But it is safe to say that only by unity of action and thorough harmony can any good be accomplished for either.

It is usually the Socialist worker that is discharged for agitating among his fellow workers, and as soon as this takes place the U. M. W. organization make of him an organizer; that is, they pay him organizer's wages. Then he is free to go ahead with his work. As soon as the operators of the mines understand this method the discharged workers will be fewer, for with many of these turned loose in a community there will soon be a sentiment for unionism and Socialism that will not down.

Concerted Action.

The State and National Committees are now working together for the first time in years. During the strike it was out of the logic of events to push organization of the political party. Every nerve was strained to sustain the purpose of the economic organization in its fight.

The plans for future activity are only in the rough, and consist, first, of securing funds through the National organization, by instituting a call for funds from the loyal Socialists to help build the state movement; second, to build that movement. Not by the useless instruction of propagandists only, comrades who side-step the real work of organization—but to keep a corps of organizers in the field who are strictly "on-the-job" fellows, whose work will consist of reviving the

weak and fallen locals, building new ones, and instructing the comrades in party work.

Red Card Socialists.

All else is useless at this time. We can not eternally go on propagating Socialism without making Socialists. By that I mean, red-card Socialists—men, who will not only express their political convictions by marking a ballot under the clasped hands, but Socialists who will support the organization in its furthering of the Socialist philosophy.

The best estimate obtainable now shows there are 50 to 60 voters of the "clasped hands" ballot for every red-card Socialist in West Virginia. This is an abnormal development, due largely to the strike, and it needs correction. And it will be corrected.

Everybody Help.

You who read this, will you help change this condition? We need funds and must get it from our friends. Our enemy, the coal barons, have enough to do in keeping up the mine guard system, buying legislation and keeping the political offices filled with subservient tools of the Glassfield and Hatcock kind.

Remit your contribution to the REVIEW, if you wish, or send to the National Office of the Socialist Party, Chicago, or to the writer, at Clarksburg, W. Va. Give address and obtain a receipt.

This is an unusual condition and needs heroic methods. Help us put West Virginia in the Socialist column.



Syndicalism and Industrial Unionism

By Louis Fraina

THE healthy discussion of Unionism now on in the Socialist Movement has a decidedly regrettable feature—the virtually general rejection of Industrial Unionism, and the adoption of Syndicalism as a synonym for Revolutionary Unionism. It is regrettable because:

1. Theoretically, Syndicalist philosophy is opposed to the Socialist philosophy. Industrial Unionism is the application of Socialist principles to economic organization, whereas Syndicalism is Anarchy unionized.

2. Tactically, the structure and goal of Industrial Unionism and Syndicalism differ materially, a difference which I consider should be emphasized rather than minimized.

Wm. English Walling having, in the *MARCH INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*, pointed out some of these differences, Robert Rives LaMonte, in the *MAY NEW REVIEW*, rejoins that Walling “bears down so hard on the differences that his article practically obscures or eclipses the essential identity of the two movements.”

On the contrary, far from needlessly emphasizing these differences, Walling does not emphasize them sufficiently.

LaMonte pleads for unity: “Let us cease hunting for points of difference! Let us search unceasingly for points of union.” But that is rather a dangerous basis for unity. It was the spirit in which the British Labor Party was formed, and that party is hardly a credit to the Movement. And it was in that spirit that the International Congress recognized organizations repudiating the class struggle, and even betraying the proletariat, as the Australian Labor Party has done repeatedly.

“Anarchists and Socialists are reconciled in Syndicalism,” says La Monte. A surprising statement. In France Socialists and Anarchists have been in each other’s hair over the control of Syndicalism.

Socialists and Anarchists have convulsed the American Industrial Union movement over the question of political action, the Anarchists ridiculing and opposing class political action. Is “unity” to exist by Socialists “lying low” and allowing political action, an indispensable weapon of the Revolution, to be hostilized? Unity among revolutionary unionists should imply mutual concessions—Socialists modify their extremist pro-political attitude, Anarchists drop their hostility to political action.

This important question must be met now. Many Comrades, having seen a “great light,” are prone to minimize the anti-political trend among revolutionary unionists. Enthusiasm for Revolutionary Unionism should not stimulate extremes. It is the part of wisdom to anticipate. Unless we here and now make efforts to stem the anti-political tide we may have a deluge in the future.

Syndicalism is anti-political. Many deny this, holding that Syndicalism simply means revolutionary economic action. The “syndicalism” of the C. G. T., however, arose as a revulsion against political action and is distinctly anti-political; while in England and America Syndicalism has been adopted as a *particular* form of unionism—anti-political. “Syndicalism” is the French name for Unionism—nothing more. In France there exists Revolutionary Syndicalism (unionism) and Conservative Syndicalism (unionism). The term has been adopted in England and America in the revolutionary sense of the C. G. T.—a particular form of revolutionary unionism, aiming at the Revolution through violence, the General Strike and Revolt.

Many persons in adopting Syndicalism have modified it to suit their convenience, with the consequence that pro-political Industrialism is being preached in the name of Syndicalism. This confusion is to be deplored. Consequently, the Syndi-

calist League of North America, recently organized, serves a useful purpose. The League sticks to undiluted Syndicalism, and its pamphlet on "Syndicalism" makes clear the anti-political feature. "Syndicalism's rejection of political action and opposition to the Socialist Movement are due to: (1) the superiority of direct action to political action; (2) that the Syndicalist and Socialist movements are rivals and cannot co-operate."

LaMonte says that "the Anarchists did not invent Syndicalism." Yet revolutionary Syndicalism in France arose with the entrance of the Anarchists into the syndicates who "bored from within," emphasizing not revolutionary principles, but militant possibilist action. Sorel, in his "Reflections on Violence," says:

"Historians will some day see, in this entrance of the Anarchists into the syndicates, one of the greatest events that have happened in our time.

"Anarchistic writers who remained faithful to their old revolutionary literature do not seem to have regarded with favor the passage of their friends into the syndicates; their attitude shows us that the Anarchists who became Syndicalists were men of true originality and did not apply theories which had been manufactured by cloistered philosophers. Above everything else, they taught the workers that it was not necessary to blush over violent actions. Until then, they had tried, in the Socialist world, to minimize or to excuse the violence of strikers; the new Syndicalists looked upon these acts of violence as the normal manifestations of the class war."

Industrial Unionism, on the other hand, was inspired by Socialism. An editorial in "The American Labor Union Journal" (December, 1904), organ of the industrial American Labor Union, expressed itself as follows:

"The economic organization of the proletariat is the heart and soul of the Socialist Movement, of which the political party is simply the public expression at the ballot box. The purpose of Industrial Unionism is to organize the working class on approximately the same departments of production and distribution as those which will obtain in the Co-operative Commonwealth."

The Industrial Workers of the World, as organized in Chicago in 1905, planted itself upon political action as an indispensable weapon; although it must be admitted that the Manifesto calling the Chicago Conference rather unduly accentuated politics.

Syndicalism is Anarchic in structure as well as tactics. French Syndicalism opposes centralization, carrying the principles of federated autonomy to its logical limit. It does away with a "central authority" in the orchestra of production. It stands for many unions instead of One Big Union. Syndicalists and Industrial Unionists agree in aiming at the overthrow of the state; but while Industrial Unionism seeks to supplant political government with *industrial government*—Engles' "administration of things"—Syndicalism has *no use* for government of any sort. In structure, Syndicalism is really sectional unionism; in theory, Syndicalism holds to the old Proudhonian idea of independent, communal groups, producing and exchanging commodities on an independent basis—a sort of communal competition.

It is true, as LaMonte holds, that the craft autonomy of Syndicalism reflects French undeveloped Capitalism. But he ignores the fact that Syndicalism holds to craft autonomy as a *theory* on which it basis its conception of present organization and future society; and that Syndicalists in England and America emphasize industrial autonomy in their fight against Industrial Unionism. The pamphlet of the S. L. N. A., previously mentioned, says:

"In the future society the shop organization will be perfectly autonomous—each automatically regulating its own affairs and requiring no interference from without. The producing force of society will be composed of autonomous units—each industry constituting a unit."

Again:

"In the future society all industries will be monopolized and each will regulate its production according to the demands placed upon it by the rest of society. The relations between the various industries will be simply the filling of each other's orders for commodities."

And again:

"Society as a whole is not consulted. The steel industry dictates to the rest of society in matters pertaining to the steel industry."

These American Syndicalists cite the "recent breaking up of the Harriman railroad system into five autonomous sub-systems" as proof of their claim that industry is trending toward autonomy. Were this true, the Syndicalist claim would be logical. But its truth is only apparent.

At the time the unions on the Harriman system federated, industrial unionists argued that as the roads *were united into an organic system*, the workers should follow suit. Only those deceived by appearances will claim that the Harriman roads have de-centralized; what slight de-centralization there has been resulted from the internecine strife among interests concerned. The Harriman system is still under a central control.

Is the alleged de-centralization of Standard Oil into "independent, mutually competing" groups proof of the autonomy trend? The financial district of New York knows better. Standard Oil is as much centralized as ever, though under a different form. For some time, the Southern Pacific has been trying to "de-centralize," but all its plans have been rejected by the Government. Why? Because the re-organization schemes submitted virtually maintain centralization, under a form, however, which would throttle anti-trust laws.

There IS a form of centralization that intelligent capitalists are discarding and financial papers warning against. That is centralization which strains for "monopoly" at any price. President Mellen, of the New Haven system, purchased a road that was absolutely non-paying and of no use to his system, *simply to monopolize* New England's railroads. An absolutely vicious procedure, the practice of which largely brought on Mellen's financial troubles. The *Journal of Commerce* (N. Y.) condemned this sort of action as inefficient and a relic of the past.

We must, however, necessarily differentiate between centralization and "monopoly"—I use "monopoly" in its true, *limited* sense, absolute monopoly being only theoretically possible, as Marx showed and modern conditions prove.

Centralization is an economic necessity; "monopoly" generally a *forced* condition. Centralization is industrial; "monopoly" financial, and this may be destroyed without disturbing industrial centralization. The rejection of Mellen "centralization" does not imply de-centralization and autonomy.

Under Capitalism, centralization undoubtedly has limits because of the evils it generates. Men of the Brandeis type have distorted this truth, and condemned ALL centralization as inefficient; and it is peculiar that Anarchists and Syndicalists should echo this talk. The evils in centralization flow from *autocratic* or *oligarchic* control, but are not inherent.

Secretary of Commerce Wm. C. Redfield, addressing the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association convention in Washington, on April 9, said:

"A good many years ago the late Edward M. Shepard said to me that he believed the trust form of organization carried within itself the seeds of its own decay; that its economies were more apparent than real, and that the serious difficulty of obtaining the men who could manage efficiently, with firm grasp, these great organizations, would itself result in ultimate segregation."

In vast organizations like the trusts, with ONE MAN rule, efficiency depends largely upon the capacity of one man. "Is there a point," asked Redfield, "where the mere nerves and fibers of the industrial organization required to handle the larger force become so complex and delicate that the frictional transmission, so to speak, of the will and thought of the head becomes so great that it is weakened or lost?" Assuredly, where despotism prevails; and because of the despotism, not the centralization. Representative government in those vast centralized trusts, and in the vaster industrial system centralized as a WHOLE, would eliminate the evil.

Trusts are a sort of industrial empire. An empire, ruled autocratically from above, disintegrates when its limits expand beyond the possible efficient control of ONE man. History shows the Roman Empire, ruled autocratically, first de-centralizing into two "sub-systems"—the Eastern and Western Empire; and then collapsing under its own weight. The

vast empire reared by Charlemagne crumbled in the hands of his successors who lacked his genius and powerful personality.

But here we have the United States, with a territory larger than the Empire of Rome or of Charlemagne, in no danger of crumbling under its own weight, because of its representative government, its division of authority into State units and the centralization of these State units into a Federal government.

In a sense, Industrial Unionism applies on the economic field this American form of government—the local union comparable to the municipality, the industrial union to the State, and the amalgamated industrial organization with its administrative, representative government, to the nation. But this, of course, implies Democracy; and the Syndicalist is rabidly anti-Democratic, one of the counts in its indictment against Socialism being our theory of *Industrial Democracy*.

The trend of economic evolution is toward centralization. Civilization presuppose maximum production with minimum labor; this requires large-scale production; which, in turn, demands highly centralized production, consequently also Industrial Government.

Were this purely a matter concerning the future social structure, it might possess only a theoretical interest. But its importance lies in this, that autonomous revolutionary unions can with difficulty act spontaneously and effectively, all the

more so when, as will undoubtedly be the case in America, strikes assume gigantic proportions. Considered tactically, the structure of Industrial Unionism is a necessity for the preliminary struggles of the Revolution—what our French comrades call “revolutionary gymnastics.” Spirit, aspirations, must have effective forms of expression.

Syndicalism emphasizes tactics; Industrial Unionism emphasizes *structure and goal*, tactics flowing naturally therefrom. The tactical emphasis of Syndicalism generates slavery to means; Syndicalism, accordingly, considers violence a *creative principle*. But violence is in no sense creative; it is a *method, a matter of expediency*. Industrial Unionism, considering methods purely a matter of expediency, apotheosizes neither violence nor legality;—not violence or legality, but either or both as conditions may demand.

Summarizing conclusions:

Syndicalism arose primarily as a protest against political inefficiency and cowardice.

Industrial Unionism arose primarily as a recognition of the vast power inherent in the industrial groups into which the mechanism of centralized capitalist production marshals the workers.

Industrial Unionism, accordingly, is the expression of the highest development of Capitalism. Why, then, should Industrial Unionism adopt the nomenclature, structure and tactics of Syndicalism, a product of inferior Capitalism?



Sex Sterilization

By Eva Trew

Article Two

WHY has this subject, STERILIZATION OF THE UNFIT, leaped into such amazing prominence?

Is it because the capitalist class believe they see in this measure the effective means of wiping out the EFFECTS of a long list of cruelties practiced upon the working class by preventing them from having children?

A legislative measure providing for the sterilization of defectives and criminals is now ready to be laid before Gov. Fletcher of Vermont.

In Utah a bill was recently introduced in the House of Representatives providing for a state bureau of eugenics to govern marriage and for the sterilization of the "criminal and the unfit."

In Indiana, where the law authorizing the sterilization of the unfit was passed seven years ago, 300 men have been thus operated on at the Jeffersonville reformatory alone.

In Pennsylvania the bill was vetoed by the Governor and in Kansas and Nebraska the experiment of sterilization as a means of dealing with offenders of the law, has temporarily been abandoned.

In Oregon there is much public sentiment being aroused against the law permitting this operation on criminals and an organization called "The Society for the Abolishment of the Sterilization Law" has been formed for the purpose of invoking the referendum on the grounds that the law is liable of abuse and is dangerous.

The American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology at a meeting recently held in Milwaukee, received a report from a committee which had been appointed to look into the matter of sterilizing undesirables.

The sweeping classification of people who are regarded as defectives and unfit to propagate their kind include neurotics, drunkards, paupers and criminals.

Yet the eminent biologist Dr. Eichholz

when questioned by the Royal Commission on Degeneracy, said: "Even illegitimacy is no proof of inferiority of stock. It shows the danger that arises from the tendency to judge civic worth according to such pre-conceived notions as pauperism, criminality, etc."

At the proceedings of the National Congress of Charities and Correction held in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1912, Miss Adams, a blind musician, said in reference to the sterilization law: "As an intelligent woman handicapped by blindness, I do not in the least object to the classification which has associated us with the 'unfit,' though 60 per cent of our class earn their own living. But when I observe the idle, selfish, shallow daughters of the rich spending their days in worthless pursuits, making no contribution of life and service to society, no answer to the great cry of humanity, I ask myself the question—who, in the sight of God, are the unfit?"

The student seeking for the scientific authority which actuates these believers in the irrevocable laws of heredity into enacting such drastic checks, has thrust into his hand at every turn two books which trace through many generations the progeny of an "unfit" man.

One is called "The Kallilak Family," the other "The Jukes Family."

Since the family of Jonathan Edwards is cited in the latter work—as an example of distinguished traits transmitted to descendants in contra-distinction to the degenerate qualities inherited by the progeny of the Jukes family, I append the following quotation:

HISTORY OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Born, 1703; results:

In 1900 he has 1,394 descendants, of these
13 were university presidents.
65 were university professors.
60 were M. D.'s.
60 were authors (prominent).
30 were judges.
100 were lawyers.
75 were officers in army and navy.
80 were in high public office.
3 were senators, 1 vice-president.
100 were clergymen or missionaries.

Several governors, members of Congress, ambassadors, mayors, managers of large railroads, banking and financial companies. 120 states and cities benefited (?) by their public activity.

Not one reported as ever *convicted* of crime.

HISTORY OF MARK JUKES.

(Drunkard and too lazy to work.)

Born, 1720; results:

In 1900 he had 1,250 descendants, of whom 300 died in childhood.

310 died in poor houses.

440 were viciously diseased.

400 were physical wrecks of their own wickedness.

50 were notorious for gross immortality.

7 were murderers.

60 were habitual thieves, averaging more than twelve years in prison.

In all, 130 were convicted of crime.

Since the above is adduced as irrefutable proof of the inexorable law of heredity, it might be expedient to examine it more minutely.

Jonathan Edwards, if history tells us aright, was himself a neurotic and in nine states would today be a candidate for sterilization in any intelligent community.

He records in his diary his religious ecstasies and he states "I lost all feeling that the election of some to salvation and others to eternal damnation was a horrible doctrine, and reckoned it exceedingly pleasant, bright and sweet."

In 1731 he preached a series of sermons the tenor of which has cast its black pall down through the succeeding century.

His "message" was: "It was God's good pleasure" and "mere arbitrary grace" that any man should or should not be saved.

He advocated teaching terror to young children, who in God's sight, were "young vipers."

His practices of "bodily effects" of conversion finally aroused the community to rebel against his vicious teachings and he was driven in disgrace from his church at Northampton.

His doctrine of "election" was, however, of use to the great land-owning lords, as it kept the working-class in their place by a decree of "Divine Providence" (of which Mr. Baer of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, has but recently reminded us), and he, therefore, was made president of the college of New Jersey.

Of his grandson, Aaron Burr, this great religious fanatic had small reason to be proud.

As one of the distinguished lawyers classed in the above list, Burr perpetrated an act which robbed the people of this nation of land to the extent of a principality.

While land commissioner he "sold" to himself and a few friends 3,630,200 acres of land in New York for the ridiculous price of 8-pence an acre, to be paid in eight installments without interest.

It was openly charged that he obtained the charter for the notorious Manhattan bank by wholesale methods of bribing senators.

It was no doubt owing to such brilliant strokes of genius that the family tree could support so many lawyers, ministers, bank presidents, railroad magnates, etc.

In fact this renowned family with many others of their kind was referred to by The Workingman's Party of 1829 in its resolution adopted at Military Hall, New York City, as being composed of "The greatest knaves, imposters and paupers of the age."

The working-class is still bending its back under the incubus of the gigantic land thefts practiced by the eminent lawyers, bankers, judges, etc., of the Edwards family whose colossal frauds lifted them out of the class of common thieves into the ranks of eminent financiers.

It is also not an evidence of total depravity that "sixty members of the Jukes family spent more than twelve years in prison" at a time when our laws demanded imprisonment for debt.

The system of Indenture which was then in effect for white workers, practically sold them into slavery for a number of years, and during this time if they became broken down and incapacitated for labor they were sent to the poor house or to prison. The employer was under no compulsion to take care of sick or disabled indentured slaves as was the case with the black slaves.

In a report of the Prison Committee of the city of Baltimore for 1831, we find that nearly one thousand persons had been imprisoned for debt in that city alone.

More than half of this number owed less than \$10.

In reading the history of the period when the Edwards' family flourished, we are led to the conclusion that the frauds

practiced upon the workers today are mere bagatelles in comparison to the daring thefts of a century ago when a judge could with impunity award himself 100,000 acres for a cow pasture.

However, the crimes which society propose to punish by this mutilation are not acts of bold rebellion against her laws by billion dollar capitalists, or splendid thefts which compel by their virility, but usually the pitiable, feeble dodgings and evasions of those who strike futile and ineffectual blows at the unseen monsters riding on their backs.

It is difficult to agree with Mr. Scott Nearing, who, after quoting the Jukes family, adds: "The one family has produced twelve hundred social burdens, while the other has given to the race

nearly fourteen-hundred social servants."

The higher classes (meaning higher income classes) inherit social status, but we have no reason to believe they inherit genius.

The greatest service rendered to humanity has been achieved by the successful leaders of democracy and they have sprung from the "lower classes."

Since it is the labor of the working class that supports the parasitic members of the descendants of the Edwards' family as well as the degenerate progeny of the Jukes', would it not be well to wait until the demand for sterilization legislation comes from the ranks of the laboring class instead of from millionaire philanthropists and their professional dependents?

California and the Japanese

By S. Katayama

ANTI-JAPANESE legislation in the state of California has caused a great deal of stir in Japan. Many meetings and resolutions were held protesting against the anti-Japanese bill. The writer has been in fear for many years that such a development would be the result and cause a great deal of fear and anxiety for both countries. He has warned the workers of his own country. I remember that I wrote a long article to the *Neue Zeit* on the subject and gave a full account of the movement in the Pacific Coast and warned the American workers; for our Japanese workers are not organized to give their true voice on the question and might very easily be made the victims of jingoism.

But the present movement in Japan, although so noisy, is not in fact the people's movement. It is necessary at this time to give to the workers of the United States the real attitude of the Japanese and especially the worker's attitude toward the matter.

You have no doubt heard of the stirring movement that has been going on since the anti-Japanese bill was introduced. In fact a war cry has been raised and in some cases bellicose resolutions

were adopted. Newspaper reports exaggerated the matter. In the first place the present movement is entirely bourgeois in nature and our workers are not interested in this at all. Those who are connected with the movement are mostly connected with the Japanese in California or those recently entertained by the rich Japanese on the Pacific Coast. There are others in this movement who are interested in the Navy expansion so that the present movement against the anti-Japanese bill on the Pacific Coast is not reported through the newspapers. At least it is the fact that in this movement our workers are not interested in whether a few hundred Japanese in California may or may not own the land.

The movement has become heated and bellicose by the spirit of red hot jingoism. The authorities are far more interested in the naval expansion and the building of dreadnaughts than the anti-Japanese movement in the Pacific Coast.

Our workers are not much interested in the things of the Pacific Coast because they are busy with the work of keeping themselves alive amidst the heavy taxes and dullness of industry and consequent low wages and unemployment. They

have no money or expectation to have money in future to go to California and buy land there.

I am sorry that such anti-Japanese legislation is necessary to shut out the Japs and I am sure many Japanese may feel just as I do. But the majority of our people are satisfied with the existing arrangement between the American republic and Japan. Anyway our workers are not the least dissatisfied with it. But they do not like the matter to be stirred up in the interest of Naval expansion. The present Premier, Count Yamamoto, is the admiral and very much interested in the building of men-of-war because in this he will get a big commission. The situation is like the exposures of Dr. Liebknecht. It is those who will make profit by war that want to stir up war.

The navy will spend three hundred and fifty million yen extra for the expansion or building of men-of-war in ten years. The present fiscal year a million yen was voted for the first installment. Thus you see the recent movement from the worker's standpoint. The bourgeoisie are very sensitive as to the money matter or property. Petty capitalists (Japanese) in California send many cables or reports on the matter painted in the worst shape so as to stir up the jingo spirit at home. This news was taken up by those who recently visited the Pacific Coast—such as Baron Shibusawa, Messrs. Nokano, Shimada and others. I say that our workers are not interested and did not take a part in the movement. At the big demonstration at Kokugikan on the 17th inst. there were over 5,000, but there were very, very few workers, if any, and the majority of them were either students or loafers.

It is to the best interest of the American workers at this time to know the real attitude of the Japanese workers and where they stand on this matter. In the first place, our workers have no organizations of their own and moreover, they have no vote to decide any political matter. They have only the necessity of paying indirect taxes and serving in the army and getting shot down in the war!

As to emigration to the Pacific Coast or any part of the United States, Canada and Mexico, our workers are entirely prohibited from leaving Japan for these countries under any circumstances whatever.

In fact, nowadays, almost no one is permitted to sail for these countries, especially for the United States. Even a student, if he is not a son of the very rich and educated in the high school, is not allowed to leave the country for America, although his intention is purely to study some more advanced lines. Thus for many years the Japanese have not been allowed to leave the country because the authorities will not give them a passport. From almost the beginning of the last two decades of the 19th century workmen were not allowed to emigrate to the American continent. They were taken first to Hawaiian Island by the American sugar kings in the islands. From there these poor contract laborers crossed the ocean to the United States or to Canada. Those now on the Pacific Coast are almost all originally workers on Hawaiian sugar plantations.

Moreover, under ordinary circumstances our workers are unable to come to the United States because, in order to come to America, they have to have at least 200 yen (\$100.00) to begin with. This sum is not small money for a worker who gets from 60 to 70 yen (30 to 35 cents) a day! Thus the anti-Japanese movement of California is not of the least interest to our workers; they are far more interested in the higher and ever higher prices of food and in low wages. We therefore wish our American fellow workers and comrades to understand clearly that we are not affected by the passage of the much talked-of Land bill. We want international peace!

We hope that our American workers would not be led astray by the jingoistic movement in Japan and played into a dreadful war fever! Our workers have no enmity against American workers. We do not like to fight with workers of any country, especially with American workers. Japan has been spending one-third of the national budget (575 million yen) for military affairs and little over 24 per cent of the national income for the national debts which were contracted in the time of the Russo-Jap war. Thus, more than a half of the national expenses are used for war affairs. If they stop the army and navy expansion then our taxes will be reduced more than half and there will be better times for us.

Born For What?

By Elsie Henry Latimer

I AM born; born for what?
What is the heritage of such as I?
To live to work; to work to live;
And than to die; to die like dogs—
That is the heritage of such as I.
Shut out from nature's bounteous store
By fellowmen, who own the earth
And all therein,
I beg for that which nature gives from birth
To all brute kind; and am denied.
"We cannot give, oh, child of mine."
I ask the reason why, and mother sobs;
"We cannot earn enough to buy;
Go ask the miller for a job."
I ask, and asking, I become the slave of them
Who own the tools wherewith I work.
"Work, and we'll give you bread," they say;
And I am willing, for hunger presses,
And the chill cuts deep into the bone.
So fare I forth to mine or mill or factory,
Where whir great wheels from daylight unto dark.
A child I stand, the dormant intellect,
The brotherhood of man within my soul,
Putting on the shackles at an age
When life should be all play,—and all for bread.
Good-bye to childhood, youth and learning—
To hope, ambition, love—
For these are attributes of freedom.
From morn to night I labor, and for pay
Receive a rag, a crust, a place to sleep.
A cog in the whirring wheel,
My masters count the wheel of greater worth than I.
My happiness, my life hold they within their hands
Because, they own my job.
I starve; I pay their price
In ignorance, sweat and heartache.
Work I must, and when my masters say I shall not work,
I cry aloud and madness come, or perchance
I cast myself uncalled into the open grave.
I fill the halls of charity to o'erflowing;
I fill the jails for stealing
That which masters stole from me.
I know no home; the love of wife and child denied
Or crushed, I live an animal at bay.
Beauty, art and science mock me;
Learning laughs me to scorn.
Poverty, disease and degradation
Lay their blight upon my soul,
And all the while the masters take their pound of flesh
And call it profits.

The Agricultural Industry

By Robert Johnstone Wheeler

Photos by courtesy of International Harvester Company and M. Rumely Manufacturing Company.

(Note:—The immensity of the subject makes it impossible to do it justice within the limited space of this article. The effort put forth in this writing will be to indicate the most important tendencies, leaving further amplification for future articles. This article presents:

1. Some concrete evidence of progress toward capitalistic development in the agricultural industry.
2. The proposition that modern machinery and scientific management tends to produce unemployment, or rather limits opportunity for employment in agriculture as in other industries.
3. A restatement of a position set forth in previous articles, viz.: "Vocational training cannot make opportunity for the workers in agriculture any more than it can in other industries.

Machinery, scientific management and vocational training schools of every sort, all work together to dispense with human labor.

The object of these writings is not to oppose the new system of education. On the contrary, the purpose is to show its vast importance as a factor in connection with machinery in the wonderful revolution now going on. Machinery and scientific management adapted to the problems of production are making it possible for man to do the socially necessary work without the expenditure of as much human energy as formerly. Industrial education will give the youth sound scientific training and cultivate individual aptitudes to a degree hitherto unknown, will provide society with great numbers of scientists, inventors and socially harmonious people. The result will be faster progress industrially; a wider scope of knowledge; a broader basis for mutual understanding and agreement; greater power of cohesion socially and a certain and sure organization for the abolition of undesirable and unsocial conditions.

In discussing agriculture, the writer is not without practical experience, having worked as a farm laborer for many years in the states of New York and Pennsylvania.

AGRICULTURE is the basis of all civilization and industry. Man's progress is measured more by his achievements in husbandry than in any other field of endeavor. Not the sword nor the pen, but the plow is the greatest of all inventions. The rude tiller of the soil, as he is pictured in history, has always been the "corner stone" upon whose strength the security of society depends.

Machinery made its appearance in agriculture more than 500 B. C. The Roman historian Pliny tells of a reaper, used by the Gauls, that was pushed by an ox, harnessed in shafts. It cut off the heads of the grain like the modern header. Four hundred years after Pliny wrote of it, another historian, Palladius, wrote of it again. But this invention with many

others was lost to the world when the Roman conquests swept over the world. About 78 B. C. some Grecian genius gave the



world the water wheel. This was the first instance among the ancients, of the adaptation of power to machinery, that is, other than man or animal power. The invention of the water wheel raised great hopes in the minds of the workers of Greece. They hailed it as a means of relief from excessive toil. There was a tradition among the ancient workers that man had once lived free from the curse of poverty. That food and clothing were obtained without the necessity of hard and constant toil. This tradition was deep-seated and finds joyful expression in the poem written by Antiparos, who probably saw the water wheel. The water wheel was first set to work grinding grain. Antiparos sings:

"Spare the hand that grinds the grain, oh miller maids, and softly sleep.

Let Chanticleer announce the morn in vain.

Deo has commanded the work of the girls to be done by the water nymphs;

And now they skip lightly over the wheels, so that the shaken axles revolve with their spokes and pull round the load of the revolving stones.

Let us live the life of our fathers;

And let us rest from work and enjoy the gifts that the goddess sends us."

When the darkness of the middle ages began to give way to the dawn of modern civilization, inventive genius gave its attention to machinery for manufacture. Commerce demanded goods to trade. Agriculture remained in about the same state as when Rome ruled the world. The Dutch were the first to make important improvements in the rude Roman plow.

The English began to improve the plow in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Dutch had invented the moldboard. The English added a sheet-metal covering and invented the clevis. Jethro Tull, an English agricultural scientist of that period, made many important improvements in



farm tools. Tull complained that too little attention was given to agriculture by the thinkers of that time. In his book, "The Horse Ploughing Husbandry," he says: "'Tis strange that no author should have written fully of the fabric of ploughs. Men of the greatest learning have spent their time in contriving instruments to measure the immense distance of the stars, and in finding out dimensions and even weight of the planets; they think it more eligible to study the art of plowing the seas with ships than of tilling the land with ploughs; they bestow the utmost of their skill, learnedly, to prevent the natural use of all the elements of destruction of their own species, by the bloody art of war. Some waste their whole lives in studying how to arm death with new engines of horror and inventing an infinite variety of slaughter, but think it beneath men of learning (who only are capable of doing it), to employ their learned labors in the invention of new (or even improving the old) instruments for increasing bread."—Ellis, "Power and the Plow."

It remained for Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States to raise plow-making to a science. Jefferson worked out a mathematical formula by which a plow of any sort could be designed with

the certainty that it would do the work desired of it. England and France promptly recognized the value of Jefferson's theories and gave him formal honors. Strangely, today the world honors Jefferson as the enunciator of certain principles of liberty and democracy, which he really borrowed from the French revolutionists, while his contribution to the science of agriculture, a work of inestimable value to the whole world, was lost for more than a generation. Even to this day, few people know that Jefferson's work as a statesman was small compared to his gifts to the world as a plow maker.

American inventors have brought the plow to perfection. The aim of the inventor today is to produce some machine which will do the work of the plow and harrow combined and do it with more efficiency.

Because greatest profits were to be made in manufacture of commodities for sale, vast amounts of capital concentrated therein. Agriculture was left to develop as chance favored it. Therefore, agricultural development has lagged far behind manufacture. But capitalism has finally brought about a state of comparative perfection in the manufacture of goods. With the unlimited capital which has been poured into manufacture, scientists and inventors found

the greatest inducement offered for their services. The increased demand for goods spurred improvement. Now that part of the work is about finished.

In the manufacturing industries, machines have been so perfected that human workers are becoming less and less a necessity. So wonderful has been the development, that it is hardly too much to say that if no more inventions or improvements were made for several generations, sufficient goods could be produced with our present equipment to supply all the needs. This seems to be supported by the fact that trustification of manufacturing industry has been going on for more than a generation. Great efforts are put forth to curtail production. Thousands of factories are shut down and left to rot, all because we can produce goods so rapidly.

In agriculture it is different. At present, it seems as if population would outrun the food supply. There is a great cry for more efficient methods of farming. Prices have been rising for a decade. Farming promises profits. Trustified industry pays big dividends which cannot well be invested in manufacture again, so big capital now turns to agriculture.

During the last hundred years, while manufacture has been making giant strides,



M'CORMICK'S FIRST REAPER BUILT IN 1831

agriculture has not been standing still. With each generation it has shown a faster rate of progress. Science and invention have brought about great changes. Wonderful machinery has been devised and put to work. Agricultural colleges have carried on a work which is nothing short of phenomenal. Scientific farming, sneered at by the average husbandman thirty years ago, is respected today by all but the hopelessly stupid. We no longer farm by chance and main strength. With the agricultural schools turning out thousands of trained men each year with mighty power machinery ready for use, capital finds agriculture a ripe field for exploitation.

The writer fully understands that a certain class of economists will differ here, but facts have a peculiar habit of differing with economists. Big capital is going into agriculture. The movement has reached such proportions that power machine companies are spending millions to equip their plants for the rush they know is coming. The capitalist has no risks to take in this enterprise. The scientist has searched out the secrets of the soil and plant life; the inventor has perfected the machinery; the trained agriculturalist is ready to supply the brains. All these await the magic touch of capital.

The Census of 1910, Bulletin on Tenure, Mortgages and Size of Farms, gives the following information as to farms adaptable to capitalistic development. Such farms may be divided into three census classes. These figures are compiled from the table on page 19:

It will be said that the class of farms from 1,000 acres up, lost 15.5 per cent in area, or 30,702,109 acres. But the next class, farms from 500 to 999 gained 23.3 per cent, or 15,789,371 acres. The third class, farms from 175 to 499 gained 13.9 per cent in area, or 32,334,554 acres. This class, the balance of the loss of the first class, not taken up by the second class,

amounting to 14,922,728. At the same time, the third class gained 17,520,787 from the small farms. So the loss in acres of the first class was not a gain for the small farms, but an adjustment within the classes of farms adaptable to capitalistic development.

The various methods by which this development is being carried on may be summed up as follows:

Farms operated by owners, assisted by expert agriculturalists.

Farms operated by owner in part and by tenants in part, under direction of expert agriculturalists.

Farms operated by tenants wholly, divided into small farms of regular size, tenants obliged to follow directions of expert.

Farms operated by corporations, under regular industrial corporation methods—(i. e.) expert superintendents, scientific managers, best labor eliminating machinery, cost accounting system, efficiency tests.

Farms operated by ring system—(i. e.) co-operative group of independent farmers, who co-operate in owning and working, plowing and threshing outfits, using gas or oil or steam tractors for power. This last system tends toward the farm cooperation, as a means of reducing expenses and raising profits.

So much progress has been made along the lines indicated above, that one is not going too far to say that some of the tendencies have become fixed. To the casual observer they are becoming commonplace. The press exploits them. The popular magazines feature them. Our light literature presents them in stories in which the hero, after quarreling with his "stand pat" father, leaves the farm and works his way through an agricultural college, returns home and works wonders on the old farm. Or perhaps, some eager youth, inspired by love for the daughter of a successful scientific farmer in the vicinity, frowned on by

	Number	Per cent of total.	Per cent of all land of total. in farms.	Number of acres.	Average size. Acres.	Average value.
Very large.....	50,135	0.8	19.0	167,082,047	3,346.4	\$156,076
Large	125,295	2.8	9.5	83,653,487	667.6	31,139
Big	978,175	15.4	30.2	265,289,069	291.5	14,356
Total	1,153,615	19.0	58.7	517,024,603
Total capital						\$24,114,192,484.92

the father of the girl because of his poor prospects as an ignorant farmer, resolves to make himself worthy. He too goes to an agricultural college, learns the new methods, graduates, gains practical experience, is eagerly snapped up by some new farm corporation which is glad to pay him a handsome salary, returns to his old home, claims the girl from a now willing father and lives happy ever after in the large and useful life of the modern agricultural expert.

Concrete illustrations of the several systems are to be seen in a great many periodicals. One of each sort is included here. Limited space will permit of but brief presentation. They follow in order to show the several methods mentioned above in actual operation. The first shows the large farm operated by the owner.

What an immense business a well conducted farm can be is indicated in a letter that has just been sent the secretary of agriculture by Dr. B. T. Galloway, chief of the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture.

He has recently received a detailed account of the Borden ranch, in Texas, from Mr. Kinsler, a young employe of the department, who has been for some time in Texas on departmental work, and has kept in close touch with the development of the big ranch.

The owner has made a big business of his farm, and is the patriarchal head of quite a community.

He has 11,000 acres in rice alone, 1,100 acres in cotton and 1,200 acres in alfalfa. He imports his laborers from Russia and keeps 11,000 head of cattle on his place, feeding practically everything he produces to his stock, and thus getting it back in fertilizer on the land.

He is the man who made quite a national reputation some years ago by importing the humpbacked Brahma cattle from India to cross with the native stock so as to make a breed that would resist tick infection and allow raising cattle in spite of the Texas fever. In connection with the ranch, Dr. Galloway says:

"You visited this plantation some years ago and you will probably remember the owner as having made a special trip to India to introduce the humpback Brahma cattle.

Cattle from India.

"Mr. Kinsler says that efforts in the breeding of the Brahmans are proving very successful. Last season was an exceptionally severe one in the matter of ticks, and, while it was necessary to dip thoroughbred cattle and shorthorns from three to four times, the cross-breed cattle went through the season without any dipping whatever, and were practically free from ticks. Mr. Kinsler further says that

as a rule the crossbred cattle are averaging from 100 to 200 pounds heavier than the thoroughbred when grown.

"As indicating the ranchers activities along agricultural lines, it may be interesting to know that he produced last year 185 tons of sorghum seed. The seed he sells to farmers of Texas for planting, and the sorghum itself he silos. He usually cuts two crops, leaving the third crop for seed.

"At the last cutting he averaged fifteen tons of silage and sixty bushels of seed per acre. He produced last year about 25,000 bushels of corn and 400,000 pounds of rice. He has 11,000 acres in rice and Mr. Kinsler states he produces about 2 per cent of the rice crop of the United States. He has 1,200 acres in alfalfa, which he cuts two or three times. He is going quite extensively into hog raising, and is shipping his hogs now to Fort Worth and Houston. Eight carloads went out of his place a short time ago, so Mr. Kinsler tells me. He is not producing as much cotton as formerly, owing to the fact that he finds other crops more profitable. He has now about 1,100 acres in cotton.

"A quite radical change has recently been made in his labor force at the convict farm which you visited when you were in Texas.

"The state has been steadily raising the price of convict labor; moreover, the rules, under pressure, have been made so strict that it was found difficult to get the convicts to do a full day's work, hence the owner got rid of them all and is now conducting his farm through the help of Russian peasants. These men are brought in directly from Galveston, and he pays them \$20 per month and feeds them and takes care of them when they are sick. Mr. Kinsler says that for two or three years they make most excellent farm help. After that they become more or less Americanized and strike out for themselves as small land renters or sometimes owners. They do much better work, however, than the negro convicts and do not have to be guarded or kept in squads, which is an important factor in accomplishing results.

"The owner has in the last few years quite materially changed his system of feeding cattle.

"He has divided up his extensive grazing grounds into pasture, and through his production of corn, sorghum, silage, alfalfa and similar crops, has been able to intensify greatly his production. He now has about 11,000 head of cattle, and endeavors to maintain about that number each year. All of his cattle are fed silage; in fact, everything on the place is fed silage at some time. The alfalfa furnishes excellent grazing ground for his hogs, so that practically all of this crop is used up on the place."

The Country Gentleman, of Jan. 25, contained an article by Frank G. Morehouse illustrating the success of Mr. Fred Gibson, who carries on a very extensive business, combining personal operation with

the tenant system. The following briefly illustrates this method:

Every morning, promptly at five o'clock, a semi-bald young man, on the sunny side of thirty, leaps out of his bed and starts the day with a cold plunge. After a hearty breakfast he cranks his sixty horse-power automobile and is away on the dusty roads radiating from Stuttgart, first to one farm and then to another, until the entire eight which he owns and operates have been visited. At noontime he stops wherever he may be, fills up his tonneau with hired men and hauls them to the house of the foreman, where all sit down together to the wholesome food prepared by the foreman's wife. He is perpetually busy, stopping momentarily to fix an obstreperous connection between the tractor and the trailing gangplows or harvesters, running from his automobile to gather up perhaps a hundred scattered stalks of grain, missed by the binder, and pile them neatly with the others, shaping up an irrigation dike here and cleaning out a sluice gate there, and then, as the sun sinks to rest, he fills his tonneau once more with the tired workers, has them home in a jiffy and is himself back at Stuttgart—but not to rest.

After supper there are the daily time records to look over and file away for each of the hundred hands on the eight farms, the computation of profit and loss on each tractor and mule and man for the day and a huge pile of formidable looking volumes, crammed full of figures, which make farming fully as scientific and accurate as running a store, a mill or a factory. Such is the daily life, down in Arkansas, of a man who owns and cultivates something over ten thousand acres in Arkansas, Nebraska, Illinois and Colorado and who is a splendid example of the new type of farmer. Only this man, Fred D. Gibson, terms himself an Agriculturist, always with a capital A. That capital shows the pride which he feels in his daily work. There is none of the "only-a-farmer" drudgery with him, although he works harder and longer than most of his fellow farmers—beg pardon, Agriculturists.

Today, only three years since he started farming, Mr. Gibson owns 6,000 acres of land in Arkansas, 2,500 in Illinois, 2,000 in Nebraska and 1,000 in Colorado. The Arkansas land, distributed mainly among the eight farms near Stuttgart, he cultivates himself; the rest he rents out on the crop-sharing basis. He has proved that farming can be made just as systematic and exact as any other business.

By figuring the percentage on his investment, the wear and tear and the feed cost, he knows to a cent the daily and the hourly cost of every machine and mule on his farms. By keeping a daily time record of every man, showing the hours spent on every bit of work

and the machines and animals employed thereon, he knows the creating value of every one of his employees. These daily records are gone over every night in the central office at Stuttgart and when filed away make not only a cumbersome volume of figures, but a record of the cost of bringing to maturity and harvesting every crop on every one of the six thousand Arkansas acres.

The cost per hour of each mule having been found to be eight cents, it is an easy matter to figure out whether a tractor, burning fifty gallons of gasoline a day at seventeen cents a gallon, and costing so much for wear and tear and interest on the purchase price, is paying for itself or not as it labors back and forth over the fertile fields, with gang-plows or seeders or harvesters in tow.

Mr. Gibson specialized in mathematics at the University of Illinois; he expected to use it in figuring tensile strength and other architectural matters. He finds it useful now in figuring out that one tractor is doing the work of forty mules, six disks, two 20-hole drills, two harrows and ten men, at a cost of \$13.50 a day. Another sheet of paper and he knows the saving of that tractor for that day. It is time well spent, though the night draws on as he figures in his office, the clerks' heads nod and the farmers of the Grand Prairie sleep while the Agriculturist figures and schemes and strikes his monthly trial balance, just as would any city business man who expects to make his business pay.

Mr. Clyde J. Wright, writing in the *New York Call*, tells of the new renting system now developing in Oklahoma and Texas. In the Texas instance, Mr. Wright tells of the farm of Mr. Preston Smith, where 35,000 acres are plotted out in farms of from 50 to 100 acres. Tenants are obliged to sign an agreement to follow out the directions of the agricultural experts who are employed by the owner. The tenant is furnished with the best of seed, tools and supplies. Experts advise him constantly. Power machinery does the plowing, reaping and threshing. An expert salesman markets the crops. All this service is charged up to the tenant, who finally gets the net proceeds as agreed upon in the contract. The advantage to the capitalist in this system is obvious. The tenant's advantage is not so clear. Unless he can make a favorable contract, his position cannot be much better than that of the city industrial worker.

(To Be Continued)

CLASS STRUGGLE NOTES

Capitalist Dynamiters.—William Wood, president of the American Woolen Trust, has been declared innocent of planting dynamite in the late Lawrence strike. It will be remembered that Dennis J. Collins confessed to having aided Breen plant the dynamite for the purpose of throwing the blame on the Lawrence strikers and arousing public indignation against the workers.

Collins has been convicted. Breen was also convicted shortly after the Lawrence strike. Breen declared he had hoped to make himself mayor of Lawrence. It is evident that mighty dirty work is required of the Woolen Trust to make it support any mayoralty candidate.

Both Breen and Collins swore that they received their pay from Fred E. Atteaux, a dealer in chemicals. The prosecution proved that the night before the dynamite was planted, a meeting was held at the home of Wood, at which Atteaux and other "employees of the mills had gathered to discuss the strike."

The District Attorney produced two checks, one signed by William Wood and made out to Atteaux for \$500.00 for services during the Lawrence strike, and one for \$505.00 signed by the treasurer of the Woolen Company. It was proven that Atteaux had been paid over \$2,600.

Collins swore that while he sneaked about Lawrence planting the dynamite with Breen, in order to frame up the plot against the strikers, he had no idea what the packages contained. Such a simple-hearted chap!

An attempt was made to throw the blame of the whole conspiracy upon Ernest W. Pittman, who committed suicide after the strike. Breen insisted that Pittman gave him the dynamite and that Atteaux paid the bills. Atteaux has secured a disagreement.

The papers report that the judge ruled out all incriminating evidence against President Wood. The telephone conversation purporting to show Wood was giving orders was thus thrown out, they say.

The I. W. W. may well be proud. It has not only proved itself innocent of the

dynamiting, but that the capitalist enemies actually did all the conspiring and dynamiting themselves. And the closer we look at the dirty trail, the nearer it brings us to William Wood. This is the public verdict in Massachusetts.

HENRY BERCOWICH.

Pennsylvania's Federation of Labor held its annual convention, May 12 to 16. Its deliberations were marked by a militant radicalism foreign to the character of Federation as it has been known.

At its first day's session, it decided to march on Harrisburg in a body and attend the Senate hearing, held on the 14th, to decide the fate of important labor legislation. The hearing was a memorable event. Three thousand people crowded the Senate chamber, where the hearing was held. President Maurer made a powerful address in which he flayed the Special Interests who opposed the labor bills. A sharp, wordy encounter took place between Maurer and the notorious "Jim McNicol," of Philadelphia. Maurer shook his fist in McNicol's face and told him to shut up" and not interrupt again while he was speaking. It was something unusual for the "Boss" of the Senate to be cowed by anyone, to say nothing of a workingman.

The convention resumed business Thursday morning and concluded its work Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Maurer, the Socialist, against whom all the political power of Penrose and Oliver was directed, through labor union agents sitting in the convention as delegates, was re-elected president by unanimous vote. The politic-labor fakirs were entirely discredited on the floor and their efforts against Maurer availed them nothing. Comrade Maurer will be a great power in the state from this on and the crooked labor fakirs and corrupt political bosses know it.

In spite of the floods of advice the workers of Pennsylvania have received during the past year, from the ultra political Socialists who have had the field to themselves for a year, and have been predicting dire results from "direct ac-

tion," industrial unionism and anything else but "pure and simple" politics, the workers, driven by economic pressure, have gone straight ahead.

This convention will mark the end of chaotic unionism in the state and the beginning of a real labor movement, tending surely toward Industrial Unionism.

The convention adopted four resolutions which indicate the temper of the workers of Pennsylvania.

1. A resolution endorsing Industrial Unionism. The Fraternal Delegate to the A. F. of L. Convention will work for this end in the next meeting of that body.

2. A resolution pledging the active support of the Federation to the Woman's Suffrage campaign was adopted by a vote of 220 to 1.

3. A resolution declaring the intention of the Federation to boycott the Bread Trust. The importance of this action lies in the decision of the convention to defend the right of the workers to use the "boycott."

4. A resolution pledging the moral and financial support of the Federation to the Paterson strikers.

Nothing more striking took place in the convention. It illustrated the fine spirit of solidarity which has been developed in the state during the past year. When this resolution was brought in, the last hour of the convention, Executive Officer Hall, of Joe Golden's Textile Workers' Union, spoke for its adoption. Hall said: "I do not care if they do belong to the I. W. W., they are fighting the capitalist class and we ought to be with them." This voiced the sentiments of the convention, which adopted the resolution amid vigorous applause.

So after all, the real workers know their business. They believe in "direct action" to back "political action" up when that is weak. They will stand shoulder to shoulder with their persecuted brothers, even though they do belong to the I. W. W. They know that a Socialist has made a strong, trusty president. So they choose Jim Maurer again. Now we will test whether craft unions can be made into industrial unions. If they cannot, we will have industrial unions some way, even if it has to be the I. W. W.. Watch us.—Wheeler.

Legere Sentenced to One Year.—Comrade Benjamin Legere was convicted of rioting at Little Falls, May 23. His sentence is from one year to fifteen months at the Auburn prison. Comrade Legere's only crime is his effective work in helping the Little Falls mill hands to win their strike. Comrade Legere is of the working-class—a machinist. At 25 years of age he is a playwright as well as a convicted labor criminal. His plays are "The Yule Tide Story," "The Reformer," and "The Woman's Place." "The Woman's Place" has been pronounced more powerful than any of Bruix's plays on sex problems. It was produced in Tanton, Mass., where its boldness excited the repressive opposition of the Mayor after many presentations. When he received his sentence Comrade Legere said: "To my mind if anything has been shown by this case it is that the law has no place whatsoever in our social system of today, except as a weapon in the hands of mill owners who live by robbing the workers of the wealth they produce."

Buffalo—From all reports Buffalo, N. Y., holds the medal these days for rebellion of the members of the working class. Comrade W. F. Cattell, editor of the *Buffalo Socialist*, is in jail and the city can boast of twelve strikes. The Machinists' Union is increasing its membership and a general federation that will enable all to fight at the same time is being planned. They say at this time that the strike is practically won. The bell boys at the Ellicott Club, are among those on strike. The police are working side by side with the bosses, as usual, and some of the newspaper reporters are acting as special police. They are determined to stop all street meetings. The Socialists have proven so active in the strikes that the authorities have decided to kill off Socialism and discontent by crushing Free Speech in Buffalo. The more they fight us the stronger we grow.

Cleveland—C. E. Ruthenberg, editor of the *Cleveland Socialist*, was arrested while speaking on a street corner. The demand was made that he stop speaking. It looks as though we would not have any ACTIVE RESPECTABLE members in the Socialist party if this sort of thing keeps increasing.

No Sunday Shaves.—"What is so rare as a shave on Sunday" in New York, asks the *New York Call*, and replies, "A hair-cut, of course." About one million men in New York City and vicinity wanted shaves or hair-cuts on Sunday, but they found the new union of the barbers formed by the I. W. W. had succeeded in closing almost every shop. Union barbers surround some of the shops that keep open and they succeed in getting other barbers to quit at every attempt. Many barbershop windows now bear placards advising customers that "We Are Closed on Sunday." Most boss barbers have signed agreements with the I. W. W. to remain closed upon the Seventh Day. The *New York Call*, for June 2, reported: "Permanent headquarters were established yesterday for the new union of Manhattan barbers which has been organized by the I. W. W. at 52 East 4th street. Large numbers of boss barbers who had not previously made settlements called there yesterday to sign agreements." The new union has already succeeded in cutting off Sunday work for barbers in New York in a large majority of the shops. They intend to continue until every tonsorial artist in Manhattan shall have a chance to rest on Sunday like other folks.

Conspiracy and Street Speaking

Harry M. McKee and E. E. Kirk, Socialist attorneys for the free speech fighters at San Diego, Cal., have been convicted of conspiring to violate a law that was believed, to be illegal by the defense. In the San Diego free speech fight, Socialist party members and members of the I. W. W. held meetings on the street to test the legality of a city ordinance. The fine and punishment for breaking this ordinance is 30 days and a \$50 fine, while conspiracy to break the law is punishable with six months in jail and a \$300 to \$1,000 fine. The two comrades will be serving their sentence before this copy of the REVIEW is off the press.

It will be remembered that this infamous free speech fight in San Diego originated when members of the Socialist Party were prohibited from holding street meetings. The fight had the endorsement of the entire local as well as the entire trades and union element in that city.

This latest atrocity on the part of the San Diego authorities is an attempt to revive an old English conspiracy law and to apply it to labor disturbances in America. It is sweep-

ingly menacing in its application, for Socialists everywhere may be railroaded to the penitentiary without ever having violated any of the laws of the land.

It may be used to crush out all street agitation of the Socialist party. The participants of every free speech fight, the soap-boxer who is determined to hold street meetings under the rights guaranteed him by the constitution, may be dragged off to jail and incarcerated at the will of the ruling class. The conspiracy law as applied to holding street meetings is one of the subtlest weapons yet forged by the enemies of labor. Freedom of speech and the rights of assembly are being wrested from the workers and without these rights, slavery is absolutely certain.

It is singular that Kaspar Bauer, who confessed to having held 150 street meetings, should have been acquitted, while Comrades McKee and Kirk were convicted. It is reported that Bauer had a conversation with J. L. Sehon about a week after his arrest. Sehon was the councilman who introduced the obnoxious ordinance and who was commissioner of police. Sehon testified regarding his conversation with Bauer:

"We were talking about this subject, and this question of the violation of the ordinance, and during that conversation Bauer claimed that really, as a matter of fact, the thing had gotten away from them, that they had not intended to have so many violate the ordinance as had done so. I said, you are one of them, and he said yes, and I said Kirk was one, and he said yes, and then I named McKee and he said yes, and I said Mrs. Emerson and he said yes, and I said who are the others, and he said, I don't remember. We have got the list up at our office, and I said who were they, and he said, well I cannot recollect, but we only intended to have about five or six violate it." Pages 669-670 and 751. Reporters' transcript. *People vs. Wright, et al.*

Thirty-nine people were originally arrested for conspiracy and it seems from the testimony of the Police Commissioner that Kaspar Bauer's information given to the police is the primary evidence that convicted our comrades. Bauer got off free. Other free speech fighters have served, or are going to serve sentences.

The cases of all but fourteen of the original friends charged with conspiracy were dismissed. On trial, eight were acquitted—six I. W. W. men, George Woodbey and Kaspar Bauer. Six were convicted; two of these were given probation without having to serve a sentence—the organizer and secretary of the I. W. W. local.

Those who were convicted were Woodford Hubbard, organizer of the S. P. of Oklahoma, who served 30 days, Jack Whyte, member of the I. W. W. (whose manly defiance of the court was the probable cause of his sentence of six months), and the two Socialist attorneys—Comrades Kirk and McKee—three Socialists and one member of the I. W. W. We hope our comrades will call the attention of Comrade Korngold to these corrections,

War in Paterson

By John Reed

From "The Masses."

THERE'S war in Paterson. But it's a curious kind of war. All the violence is the work of one side—the Mill Owners. Their servants, the Police, club unresisting men and women and ride down law-abiding crowds on horseback. Their paid mercenaries, the armed Detectives shoot and kill innocent people. Their newspapers, the *Paterson Press* and the *Paterson Call*, publish incendiary and crime-inciting appeals to mob-violence against the strike leaders. Their tool, Recorder Carroll, deals out heavy sentences to peaceful pickets that the police-net gathers up. They control absolutely the Police, the Press, the Courts.

Opposing them are about twenty-five thousand striking silk-workers, of whom perhaps ten thousand are active, and their weapon is the picket-line. Let me tell you what I saw in Paterson and then you will say which side of this struggle is "anarchistic" and "contrary to American ideals."

At six o'clock in the morning a light rain was falling. Slate-grey and cold, the streets of Paterson were deserted. But soon came the Cops—twenty of them—strolling along with their night-sticks under their arms. We went ahead of them toward the mill district. Now we began to see workmen going in the same direction, coat collars turned up, hands in their pockets. We came into a long street, one side of which was lined with silk mills, the other side with the wooden tenement houses. In every doorway, at every window of the houses clustered foreign-faced men and women, laughing and chatting as if after breakfast on a holiday. There seemed no sense of expectancy, no strain or feeling of fear. The sidewalks were almost empty, only over in front of the mills a few couples—there couldn't have been more than fifty—marched slowly up and down, dripping with the rain. Some were men, with here and there a man and

woman together, or two young boys. As the warmer light of full day came the people drifted out of their houses and began to pace back and forth, gathering in little knots on the corners. They were quick with gesticulating hands, and low-voiced conversation. They looked often toward the corners of side streets.

Suddenly appeared a policeman, swinging his club. "Ah-h-h!" said the crowd softly.

Six men had taken shelter from the rain under the canopy of a saloon. "Come on! Get out of that!" yelled the policeman, advancing. The men quietly obeyed. "Get off this street! Go on home, now! Don't be standing here!" They gave way before him in silence, drifting back again when he turned away. Other policemen materialized, hustling, cursing, brutal, ineffectual. No one answered back. Nervous, bleary-eyed, unshaven, these officers were worn out with nine weeks incessant strike duty.

On the mill side of the street the picket-line had grown to about four hundred. Several policemen shouldered roughly among them, looking for trouble. A workman appeared, with a tin pail, escorted by two detectives. "Boo! Boo!" shouted a few scattered voices. Two Italian boys leaned against the mill fence and shouted a merry Irish threat, "Scab! Come outa here I knocka you' head off!" A policeman grabbed the boys roughly by the shoulder. "Get to hell out of here!" he cried, jerking and pushing them violently to the corner, where he kicked them. Not a voice, not a movement from the crowd.

A little further along the street we saw a young woman with an umbrella, who had been picketing, suddenly confronted by a big policeman.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he roared. "God damn you, go home!" and he jammed his club against her mouth. "I no go home!" she shrilled

passionately, with blazing eyes. "You bigga stiff!"

Silently, steadfastly, solidly the picket-line grew. In groups or in couples the strikers patrolled the sidewalk. There was no more laughing. They looked on with eyes full of hate. These were fiery-blooded Italians, and the police were the same brutal thugs that had beaten them and insulted them for nine weeks. I wondered how long they could stand it.

It began to rain heavily. I asked a man's permission to stand on the porch of his house. There was a policeman standing in front of it. His name, I afterwards discovered, was McCormack. I had to walk around him to mount the steps. Suddenly he turned round, and shot at the owner: "Do all them fellows live in that house?" The man indicated the three other strikers and himself, and shook his head at me.

"Then you get to hell off of there!" said the cop, pointing his club at me.

"I have the permission of this gentleman to stand here," I said. "He owns this house."

"Never mind! Do what I tell you! Come off of there, and come off damn quick!"

"I'll do nothing of the sort."

With that he leaped up the steps, seized my arm, and violently jerked me to the sidewalk. Another cop took my arm and they gave me a shove.

"Now you get to hell off this street!" said Officer McCormack.

"I won't get off this street or any other street. If I'm breaking any law, you arrest me!"

Officer McCormack, who is doubtless a good, stupid Irishman in time of peace, is almost helpless in a situation that requires thinking. He was dreadfully troubled by my request. He didn't want to arrest me, and said so with a great deal of profanity.

"I've got your number," said I sweetly. "Now will you tell me your name?"

"Yes," he bellowed, "an' I got your number! I'll arrest you." He took me by the arm and marched me up the street.

He was sorry he *had* arrested me. There was no charge he could lodge against me. I hadn't been doing anything. He felt he must make me say

something that could be construed as a violation of the Law. To which end he God damned me harshly, loading me with abuse and obscenity, and threatened me with his night-stick, saying, "You big — — — lug, I'd like to beat the hell out of you with this club."

I returned airy persiflage to his threats.

Other officers came to the rescue—two of them—and supplied fresh epithets. I soon found them repeating themselves, however, and told them so. "I had to come all the way to Paterson to put one over on a cop!" I said. Eureka! They had at last found a crime! When I was arraigned in the Recorder's Court that remark of mine was the charge against me!

Ushered into the patrol-wagon, I was driven with much clanging of gongs along the picket-line. Our passage was greeted with "Boos" and ironical cheers, and enthusiastic waving. At Headquarters I was interrogated and lodged in the lock-up. My cell was about four feet wide by seven feet long, at least a foot higher than a standing man's head, and it contained an iron bunk hung from the side-wall with chains, and an open toilet of disgusting dirtiness in the corner. A crowd of pickets had been jammed into the same lockup only three days before, *eight or nine in a cell*, and kept there without food or water for *twenty-two hours*! Among them a young girl of seventeen, who had led a procession right up to the Police Sergeant's nose and defied him to arrest them. In spite of the horrible discomfort, fatigue and thirst, these prisoners had *never let up cheering and singing* for a day and a night!

In about an hour the outside door clanged open, and in came about forty pickets in charge of the police, joking and laughing among themselves. They were hustled into the cells, two in each. Then pandemonium broke loose! With one accord the heavy iron beds were lifted and slammed thunderingly against the metal walls. It was like a cannon battery in action. "Hooray for I. W. W.!" screamed a voice. And unanimously answered all the voices as one, "Hooray!"

"Hooray for Chief Bums!" (Chief of Police Bimson);

"Boo-o-o-o!" roared forty pairs of lungs—a great boom of echoing sound that had

more of hate in it than anything I ever heard.

"To hell wit' Mayor McBride!"

"Boo-o-o-o!" It was an awful voice in that reverberant iron room, full of menace.

"Hooray for Haywood! One bigga da Union! Hooray for da Strike! To hell wit' da police! Boo-o-o-o! Boo-o-o-o! Hooray! Killa da A. F. of L.! A. F. of Hell, you mean! Boo-o-o-o!"

"Musica! Musica!" cried the Italians, like children. Whereupon one voice went "Plunk-plunk! Plunk-plunk!" like a guitar, and another, a rich tenor, burst into the first verse of the Italian-English song, written and composed by one of the strikers to be sung at the strike meetings. He came to the chorus:

"Do you lika Miss Flynn?"

(Chorus) "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Do you lika Carlo Tresca?"

(Chorus) "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Do you lika Mayor McBride?"

(Chorus) "No! No! NO! NO!!!"

"Hooray for I. W. W.!"

"Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!"

"Bis! Bis!" shouted everybody, clapping hands, banging the beds up and down. An officer came in and attempted to quell the noise. He was met with "Boos" and jeers. Some one called for water. The policeman filled a tin cup and brought it to the cell door. A hand reached out swiftly and slapped it out of his fingers on the floor. "Scab! Thug!" they yelled. The policemen retreated. The noise continued.

The time approached for the opening of the Recorder's Court, but word had evidently been brought that there was no more room in the County Jail, for suddenly the police appeared and began to open the cell doors. And so the strikers passed out, cheering wildly. I could hear them outside, marching back to the picket-line with the mob who had waited for them at the jail gates.

And then I was taken before the Court of Recorder Carroll. Mr. Carroll has the intelligent, cruel, merciless face of the ordinary police court magistrate. But he is worse than most police court magistrates. He sentences beggars to *six months' imprisonment* in the County Jail without a chance to answer back. He

also sends little children there, where they mingle with dope-fiends, and tramps, and men with running sores upon their bodies—to the County Jail, where the air is foul and insufficient to breathe, and the food is full of dead vermin, and grown men become insane.

Mr. Carroll read the charge against me. I was permitted to tell my story. Officer McCormack recited a clever *mélange* of lies that I am sure he himself could never have concocted. "John Reed," said the Recorder. "Twenty days." That was all.

And so it was that I went up to the County Jail. In the outer office I was questioned again, searched for concealed weapons, and my money and valuables taken away. Then the great barred door swung open and I went down some steps into a vast room lined with three tiers of cells. About eighty prisoners strolled around, talked, smoked, and ate the food sent in to them by those outside. Of this eighty almost half were strikers. They were in their street clothes, held in prison under \$500 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. Surrounded by a dense crowd of short, dark-faced men, Big Bill Haywood towered in the center of the room. His big hand made simple gestures as he explained something to them. His massive, rugged face, seamed and scarred like a mountain, and as calm, radiated strength. These slight, foreign-faced strikers, one of many desperate little armies in the vanguard of the battle line of Labor, quickened and strengthened by Bill Haywood's face and voice, looked up at him lovingly, eloquently. Faces deadened and dulled with grinding routine in the sunless mills glowed with hope and understanding. Faces scarred and bruised from policemen's clubs grinned eagerly at the thought of going back on the picket line. And there were other faces, too—lined and sunken with the slow starvation of a nine weeks' poverty—shadowed with the sight of so much suffering, or the hopeless brutality of the police—and there were those who had seen Modestino Valentino shot to death by a private detective. But not one showed discouragement; not one a sign of faltering or of fear. As one little Italian said to me, with blazing eyes: "We all one bigga da Union. I. W. W.—"

dat word is pierced de heart of de people!"

"Yes! Yes! Dass righ'! I. W. W.! One bigga da Union"—they murmured with soft, eager voices, crowding around.

I shook hands with Haywood, who introduced me to Pat Quinlan, the thin-faced, fiery Irishman now under indictment for speeches inciting to riot.

"Boys," said Haywood, indicating me, "this man wants to *know* things. You tell him everything"—

They crowded around me, shaking my hand, smiling, welcoming me. "Too bad you get in jail," they said, sympathetically. "We tell you ever't'ing. You ask. We tell you. Yes. Yes. You good feller."

And they did. Most of them were still weak and exhausted from their terrible night before in the lock-up. Some had been lined up against a wall, as they marched to and fro in front of the mills, and herded to jail on the charge of unlawful assemblage! Others had been clubbed into the patrol wagon on the charge of "rioting," as they stood at the track, on their way home from picketing, waiting for a train to pass! They were being held for the Grand Jury that indicted Haywood and Gurley Flynn. *Four of these jurymen were silk manufacturers, another the head of the local Edison company—which Haywood tried to organize for a strike—and not one a workingman!*

"We not take bail," said another, shaking his head. "We stay here. Fill up de damn jail. Pretty soon no more room. Pretty soon can't arrest no more picket!"

It was visitors' day. I went to the door to speak with a friend. Outside the reception room was full of women and children, carrying packages, and pasteboard boxes, and pails full of dainties and little comforts lovingly prepared, which meant hungry and ragged wives and babies, so that the men might be comfortable in jail. The place was full of the sound of moaning; tears ran down their work-roughened faces; the children looked up at their fathers' unshaven faces through the bars and tried to reach them with their hands.

"What nationalities are all the people?" I asked. There were Dutchmen, Italians, Belgians, Jews, Slovaks, Germans, Poles.

"What nationalities stick together on the picket line?"

A young Jew, pallid and sick-looking from insufficient food, spoke up proudly. "T'ree great nations stick togedder like dis." He made a fist. "T'ree great nations—Italians, Hebrews an' Germans"—

"But how about the Americans?"

They all shrugged their shoulders and grinned with humorous scorn. "English peoples not go on picket line," said one, softly. "'Mericans no lika fight!" An Italian boy thought my feelings might be hurt, and broke in quickly: "Not all lika dat. Beeg Beell, *he* 'Merican. *You* 'Merican. Quinl', Miss Flynn, 'Merican. *Good! Good!* 'Merican workman, he lika talk too much."

This sad fact appears to be true. It was the English-speaking group that held back during the Lawrence strike. It is the English-speaking contingent that remains passive at Paterson, while the "wops," the "kikes," the "hunkies"—the "degraded and ignorant races from Southern Europe"—go out and get clubbed on the picket line and gaily take their medicine in Paterson jail.

But just as they were telling me these things the keeper ordered me to the "convicted room," where I was pushed into a bath and compelled to put on regulation prison clothes. I shan't attempt to describe the horrors I saw in that room. Suffice it to say that forty-odd men lounged about a long corridor lined on one side with cells; that the only ventilation and light came from one small skylight up a funnel-shaped air shaft; that one man had syphilitic sores on his legs and was treated by the prison doctor with sugar pills for "nervousness"; that a 17-year-old boy *who had never been sentenced* had remained in that corridor without ever seeing the sun for over *nine months*; that a cocaine fiend was getting his "dope" regularly from the inside, and that the background of this and much more was the monotonous and terrible shouting of a man who had lost his mind in that hell hole and who walked among us.

There were about fourteen strikers in the "convicted" room—Italians, Lithuanians, Poles, Jews, one Frenchman and one "free-born" Englishman! That English-

man was a peach. He was the only Anglo-Saxon striker in prison except the leaders—and perhaps the only one who *had been* there for picketing. He had been sentenced for insulting a mill owner who came out of his mill and ordered him off the sidewalk. “Wait till I get out!” he said to me. “If them damned English-speaking workers don’t go on picket I’ll put the curse o’ Cromwell on ’em!”

Then there was a Pole—an aristocratic, sensitive chap, a member of the local Strike Committee, a born fighter. He was reading Bob Ingersoll’s lectures, translating them to the others. Patting the book, he said with a slow smile: “Now I don’t care if I stay in here one year.” One thing I noticed was the utter and reasonable irreligion of the strikers—the Italians, the Frenchmen—the strong Catholic races, in short—and the Jews, too.

“Priests, it is a profesh’. De priest, he gotta work same as any workin’ man. If we ain’t gotta no damn Church we been strikin’ t’ree hundred years ago. Priest, he iss all a time keeping working man down!”

And then, with laughter, they told me how the combined clergy of the city of Paterson had attempted from their pulpits to persuade them back to work—back to wage slavery and the tender mercies of the mill owners on grounds of religion! They told me of that disgraceful and ridiculous conference between the Clergy and the Strike Committee, with the Clergy in the part of Judas. It was hard to believe that until I saw in the paper the sermon delivered the previous day at the Presbyterian Church by the Reverend William A. Littell. He had the impudence to flay the strike leaders and advise workmen to be respectful and obedient to their employers—to tell them that the saloons were the cause of their unhappiness—to proclaim the horrible depravity of Sabbath-breaking workmen, and more rot of the same sort. And this while living men were fighting for their very existence and singing gloriously of the Brotherhood of Man!

The lone Frenchman was a lineal descendant of the Republican doctrinaires of the French Revolution. He had been a Democrat for thirteen years, then suddenly had become converted to Social-

ism. Blazing with excitement, he went round bubbling with arguments. He had the same blind faith in Institutions that characterized his ancestors, the same intense fanaticism, the same willingness to die for an idea. Most of the strikers were Socialists already—but the Frenchman was bound to convert every man in that prison. All day long his voice could be heard, words rushing forth in a torrent, tones rising to a shout, until the keeper would shut him up with a curse. When the fat deputy sheriff from the outer office came into the room the Frenchman made a dive for him, too.

“You’re not producing anything,” he’d say, eyes snapping, finger waving violently up and down, long nose and dark, excited face within an inch of the deputy’s. “You’re an unproductive worker—under Socialism we’ll get what we’re working for—we’ll get all we make. Capital’s not necessary. Of course it ain’t! Look at the Post Office—is there any private capital in that? Look at the Panama Canal. That’s Socialism. The American Revolution was a smugglers’ war. Do you know what is the Economic Determinism?” This getting swifter and swifter, louder and louder, more and more fragmentary, while a close little circle of strikers massed round the Deputy, watching his face like hounds on a trail, waiting till he opened his mouth to riddle his bewildered arguments with a dozen swift retorts. Trained debaters, all these, in their Locals. For a few minutes the Deputy would try to answer them, and then, driven into a corner, he’d suddenly sweep his arm furiously around, and bellow:

“Shut up, you damned dagos, or I’ll clap you in the dungeon!” And the discussion would be closed.

Then there was the strike breaker. He was a fat man, with sunken, flabby cheeks, jailed by some mistake of the Recorder. So completely did the strikers ostracize him—rising and moving away when he sat by them, refusing to speak to him, absolutely ignoring his presence—that he was in a pitiable condition of loneliness.

“I’ve learned my lesson,” he moaned. “I ain’t never goin’ to scab on working men no more!”

One young Italian came up to me with

a newspaper and pointed to three items in turn. One was "American Federation of Labor hopes to break the Strike next week"; another, "Victor Berger says 'I am a member of the A. F. of L., and I have no love for the I. W. W. in Paterson,'" and the third, "Newark Socialists refuse to help the Paterson Strikers."

"I no un'erstand," he told me, looking up at me appealingly. "You tell me. I Socialis—I belong Union—I strike wit' I. W. W. Socialis," he say, 'Worke'men of de worl', Unite!' A. F. of L., he say, 'All workmen join togedder.' Bot' dese organ-i-zashe, he say, 'I am for de Working Class.' Awri', I say, I am de Working Class. I unite, I strike. Den he say, 'No! You *cannot* strike!' Why dat? I no un'erstan'. You explain me."

But I could not explain. All I could say was that a good share of the Socialist Party and the American Federation of Labor have forgotten all about the Class Struggle, and seem to be playing a little

game with Capitalistic rules, called "Button, button, who's got the Vote!"

When it came time for me to go out I said good-bye to all those gentle, alert, brave men, ennobled by something greater than themselves. *They* were the strike—not Bill Haywood, not Gurley Flynn, not any other individual. And if they should lose all their leaders other leaders would arise from the ranks, even as *they* rose, and the strike would go on! Think of it! Twelve years they have been losing strikes—twelve solid years of disappointments and incalculable suffering. They must not lose again! They can not lose!

And as I passed out through the front room they crowded around me again, patting my sleeve and my hand, friendly, warm hearted, trusting, eloquent. Haywood and Quinlan had gone out on bail.

"You go out," they said softly. "Thass nice. Glad you go out. Pretty soon we go out. Then we go back on picket line."

Social Theory and Tactics

By Charles A. Rice

Effect of Pure-and-Simplism Upon the German Labor Movement Since 1900

Part IV—Continued

THE employers became alarmed at this rapid growth of organized labor in Germany and formed powerful employers' leagues for aggressive action against the labor organizations. This aggression took the form of the blacklist and lockouts. We have not the figures at hand, but it is a matter of universal knowledge that during this period organized labor in Germany had to fight off more lockouts than the workers in any other country with large industry. The German employers began closing up their fighting ranks more and more, hedging in their employees by lockouts following lockouts ever larger in scope, in extent of industry and territory affected, and ever more frequent.

This aggressive move on the part of German capitalism goaded the workers into

organizing more and more. Capitalist concentration and persecution proved a stinging lash, or rather a sort of what the medical practitioner calls *heroic treatment*. Under its effective action the sluggish blood and nerve of the craft unions began tingling and pulsating with new energy. The unions grew in membership and became more and more compact in organization.

This tendency to consolidation found its clearest expression in the powerful federations of the craft organizations in the building trades, the metal industry, among longshoremens, seamen, woodworkers, and miners.

A few figures are in place to show the unprecedented growth of organized labor in Germany in point of membership and

financial strength. The total membership of all the trade unions to date is, in round numbers, 2,700,000, or fully one-third of all the industrial wage earners. The income of all the labor unions affiliated with the General Commission of Trade Unions in 1910 was slightly over 64,000,000 marks and the total expense 57,000,000 m.* Of this amount twenty millions were paid out in strike and lockout benefits; one million in traveling benefits; six million in out-of-work; nine million in sick; 316,000 marks in removal; 505,000 in invalidity; 540,000 in distress, benefit 330,000 m. for legal aid, and 884,000 m. in death benefits. Funds on hand in 1910 amounted to 53,000,000 marks. The above unions also maintain 113 labor secretariats and 213 information bureaus or agencies for affording legal aid in cases involving workmen's insurance, civil law, the penal code, labor and service contracts, local and central government regulations, and the labor movement. 610,897 cases were handled by the secretariats, 46,346 cases by the agencies.

Besides the trade unions proper, the German workers have, during this period, built up a strong movement for co-operative distribution and production. This movement was launched and nursed to its present strength largely through the initiative and later efforts of the *fringe* in the Social Democracy. Its leadership was, until very recently, quite progressive, its whole spirit and methods more or less socialistic. Of late, though, this co-operative movement is slowly drifting away from its former class struggle and social-democratic moorings and near to the bourgeois type of the English co-operatives. Still, this movement is radically different from the co-operative doings and aims of the societies organized and developed under the leadership of Schulze-Delitsch and his co-workers among the bourgeois philanthropists and the clergy.

This new type of co-operation is noted for its energy and push and is quite up-to-date in its business methods. A chain of co-operative stores opened in the large industrial communities are doing a rushing business on a national scale. In point of their financial soundness, the annual volume

of trade they do, as well as in point of coherent, well-knit organization and federation and the amount of competent leadership and managerial ability they have developed, the United Co-operative Societies of Germany yield the first place only to the co-operative movement of the United Kingdom. Recently some of the German societies went into manufacturing with a fair degree of success from the business point of view. This co-operative activity has also proved quite helpful to the workers during strikes and lockouts.

To sum up, it is safe to say that, as borne out by the above brief sketch, the German labor movement is the strongest in the world in point of paid-up membership in proportion to the total number of industrial wage workers in Germany, and is best equipped with hard cash. These trade unions may also be ranked first on the European continent as the ideal type of craft union organization and federation, well-knit, compact, and efficient. But this is true *only provided we gauge the achievements of the German workers in this field by the standards, ideals, and methods worked out by our own A. F. L. or the archaic remnants of British trade unionism of the old school.*

True, the German workers possess a high level of intelligence. They are to a great extent class-conscious and imbued with solidarity in the parliamentary fields. They are untiring, painstaking, and thorough in their efforts even in the economic field as far as the above standards of fossilized unionism can reach. In spite of the chilling frowns or the half-hearted nods of approving condescension on the part of the pure-and-simplist core of the Social-Democracy, they have, since 1900, done admirable work along the lines of economic organization and economic combat as far as the dying-out school of more or less federated craft-unionism can go. Their tills are well stocked with cash, their bank deposits are quite bulky.

Yes, they have all these assets, but they *lack something else*. Their liabilities are quite heavy and their failure is very tangible. What is this *something* which they lack? What is the name of this lack? And who or what is responsible for it? We shall be in a much better position to find its fitting name and dig down to its bedrock cause if we first take a close look

*The German mark, nominally equivalent to 24 cents, may be estimated at 33-35 cents as far as purchasing power is concerned.

at the many weak spots in which this fundamental *minus* crops out very often and very glaringly into full view.

The first weak cog in the trade union machine is the fact that a number of "yellow" and otherwise reactionary groups of workers under various names disgrace the labor movement in Germany. These benighted wage workers were hauled in on the dragnets of popes, parsons, and other sky-piloting gentry of various hues. Then came other sharks from the camp of social reformers, out for baiting labor in the interest of "social harmony." The bait was so alluring and the haul so rich that the membership in these various fish ponds rose from about 200,000 at the close of the last century to some 600,000 or over 22 per cent of all the organized wage workers in 1910, while the membership in the Social-Democratic unions rose during the same period from 500,000 to about 2,100,000.

What does it mean? These tell-tale figures simply show that the first increased 200 per cent and the latter 300 per cent; that is, the ratio of increase was pretty near the same in both cases. It means that the seemingly tremendous growth of class-conscious unionism has failed to stem the tide of these reactionary groups *to the same extent*; instead of reducing them at its own rate of growth (300 per cent), it has allowed them to expand to two-thirds of its rate. How are we to account for this mathematical puzzle?

What deepens the mystery is the fact that the influence of these herds upon the labor movement in Germany is far above their mere numbers. Their combined reactionary weight is often surprisingly heavy and decisive; they tip the scale just at the critical moments of the class struggle in the economic field. Take, for instance, the mining industry in Germany. In all other countries, the miners are the most revolutionary, the most class-conscious section of the working class. Among them all lines of race, color, or creed are wiped out. These militant workers always march in close ranks and fight to a man. Their class vision and closer feeling are remarkably keen.

In England, the son of Erin, the Welshman, the Scotchman, and the Englishman—all forget their creeds and their racial ani-

mosity that the tools of capitalism craftily create and nurse among them; they unite in battle on terms of solidarity in the face of their common foe. The same is true of Darkest Russia, revolutionary France, or this country, where the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners are such a Babel of tongues and races. In Germany, however, the 200,000 organized miners are cleft in two hostile camps. Nearly 100,000 miners belong to the above herds. The disastrous effects of this state of things were shown in the recent general strike in the Ruhr Coal Fields. The German miners walked out in sympathy with the great strike of the English coal miners. It was a critical moment for the German coal barons and the whole industry was on the point of a complete tie-up.

Had the German mine workers stood united and had the transport worker refused to handle the scab-mined product, not a pound of coal would have been shipped to relieve the coal famine in England. The Germans would have thus given a tremendous lift to their English comrades in their glorious struggle and they themselves would have won all their demands for higher pay and shorter hours. They would have made short work with pluck-me stores, frauds in checking the weight of coal mined and hauled, fines, rack rent and company-owned ramshackles, together with all other forms of fraud, extortion, persecution, and brutality on the part of the mine-owners and their hirelings. Now, instead of all this, 85,000 of this "yellow" herd proved traitors; they refused to follow the strike call, and so helped smash what might have been the most brilliant upheaval in the history of the German labor movement.

We see, then, that the Social-Democratic trade unions have done almost nothing, or, if they tried, have failed almost completely to win over any *tangible* portion of these benighted wage-slave groups.

Now, the Social-Democratic unions boast of their splendid cash tills, their rapid growth in membership, and their compact craft-union federations. They had, besides the priceless services the fringe of the Social-Democracy itself with its enormous party and labor press and its powerful mechanism for class-conscious propaganda. Then, they are of one race, speak the same

language; they think, feel, and strive in more or less the same way, that is their mental and moral make-up is cast in pretty nearly the same Germanic mould. They have the same standard of life, and their tastes and habits are more or less the same and much more so than in the case among workers in any other country under the sway of large industry. Again, they are not handicapped by immigration or cheap labor power to any appreciable extent.

Geographical, climatic, industrial, political, and all other conditons that have any bearing on the success of trade union organization on a large scale are far more uniform all over Germany than, *for instance*, in England, Italy, Russia or the United States. The territory or field of operation of the German unions, the size of the country to be won for organized labor, is far smaller in extent than in the two last mentioned countries. Finally, they had the powerful stimulus for economic organization supplied, as we have seen above, by the rapid growth and concentration of German industry with its foreign trade and all its other peculiarities. These are forces which make for organization at the shop, mine, and field. These forces, ought to weld workers into a *class* organization at the point of production,—an organization at once compact and well-knit in its make-up, efficient and militant in action, and irresistible in its reaching out for the large *inert* layers of unorganized wage-slaves. The workers of no other country have these forces at their command, neither all of these forces together, nor any of them to the same extent. And yet, with all this tremendous leverage in their grasp, the Social-Democratic trade unions *failed signally, astoundingly, hugely*, to carry the war into the enemy's camp. What is the secret of this failure?

Prominent German trade unionists of the pure-and-simplist dye, with Legien in the lead, advance the lame plea that the above reactionary miners and many thousands of benighted workers in southern Germany are what they are because they are led by Jesuits and other Catholic clericals of the Centrist Party. They are, Legien adds, an *insignificant minority* and so of no consequence. But, first, the Jesuits and Centrists are not the only labor baiters at the behest of the Vatican. There are the various Christian, patriotic, and other reactionary

groups, all of them good Protestants, and some are led even by so-called Progressives.* Nor are they confined to southern Germany with its small industry. We also saw above how *significant* they frequently become.

Again, and what clinches the point is the *absurdity* of the above plea as a whole. What Legien pleads is *simply begging the question!* How did it happen that so many thousands of German proletarians were and are so helpless, so devoid of class feeling as to fall a prey to the cunning wiles and tight clutch of the above Catholic-clerical brood? Are not the Irish, French, Italian, Poles, and many other workers just as much or even more under the sway of their Catholic clergies? And do they prove traitors in the class struggle? Besides, in this very Ruhr district and in the teeth of the clerical clique, the Social Democracy polled a vote heavy enough to defeat the Centrist candidate.

How does this *parliamentary* good luck square with the above disgraceful loss in the economic field? Where were the Social-Democratic unions with all their wonderful resources and advantages as pointed out above? Why have they failed to capture the field in the South? And what have they accomplished in the Protestant North as far as the "yellow" unions are concerned? Organized workers in other countries, and especially miners, very often in small minorities, develop enough organizing energy irrespective of creed, color, or race. They never fail to stir up the most backward sections of the workers and carry them along in their onward dash during great strikes or other mass upheavals. Why, then, have the *millions of organized Social-Democratic* workers failed to impart the same *impetus* to their own misguided fellow workers? Why could they not jerk up and inject some life into this drowsy mass of inert wage-slaves?

With their splendid organizations in the North, their bulky money bags, and all the other resources and agencies in their favor, they ought to have accomplished, along this line, far more than the workers in any other country under modern capitalism. But, instead, they have done far less in this field, in proportion to their apparent economic strength, than even what the poorest

*Members of the Progressive Party in the Reichstag.

Russian wage-slaves did prior to and during the general strike of 1905 and continue to do even now.

The Russian workers, were poor, ignorant, and inexperienced. They were in the mighty grip of that medieval monster called the Orthodox Russian church with its hordes of fanatical priests, monks, and other vampires trading in unctuous cant and pious fraud. Then, there was the bloodiest of Czarisms that ever cursed the human race, that fiendish autocracy with all its brutality, its despotism, its cossacks and knout, its huge grasping brood of bureaucrats, nobles, and all other parasites trampling down the workers and crushing out their life blood in its iron grip. In spite of all these enormous odds against them, the Russian proletarians have done wonders in a few years where the Germans have failed in 30 years.

(2) *Comparative sterility in their own field with scraps and pickings as the measure of success is the second weak point of the German trade unions.* The following items are practically all the gains they have made in the economic field during 1905-1910: 400,000 members of the building trades have raised their wage level 2.8 marks (70-80 cents); in the printing, wood-working, clothing, textile, food, drink, transport, and retail trades many thousands of workers have gained an advance in wages of 1.5 to 2 marks (from 38-50 cents to 50-70 cents) per week; in the metal trades, 2.8 marks (70-80 cents) per week.

Of those receiving the above advance in wages during 1910, 53 per cent never took

part in strikes or were affected by lockouts; in 1909, 73 per cent; in 1908, 88 per cent. The metal trades are the best organized, and next to them are the building trades, and these two *strongest* federations gained the paltry raise of some 80 cents per week! And the average advance in wages for all these trades, that is the banner trades in point of organized membership, during this period of the greatest growth and activity of the trade unions, amounts to 66 cents per week! What is more striking, over 72 per cent is the average for the years 1908-1910 of those receiving any raise in wages that never took part in strikes or were not affected by lockouts.

That is, 72 per cent of the workers in the best organized trades owe the slight swelling in their pay envelopes to agencies *outside* of the militant efforts of the trade unions! If we take into account the enormous jump in the cost of living and especially in the price of foodstuffs, cereals and meat included, during this period, we are almost appalled at the utter inability of the German trade unions to keep the pace. As a matter of fact, the German workers, in spite of their bulky union funds, are the poorest fed if compared with the workers in England or the United States. Any one who has lived in Germany for some time knows well how poor and limited the dietary budget of a well-paid German mechanic is. Meat is a comparative luxury with him, even during industrial prosperity and low prices. At present the industrial proletariat in Germany is glad to eat dog meat, but can't get enough even of this!

Socialism and Education

William E. Bohn

(A review of Chapters XI and XII in William English Walling's "The Larger Aspects of Socialism.")

WE need a book on this subject. We need a good book, and we need it now. But in lieu of the book which has not yet appeared, the present writer receives with profound thankfulness the two chapters on education in Comrade Walling's newly published volume.

Walling has done a new thing in Socialist writing. A good many expositors of the faith

of Marx, write as if they had Socialism to sell at a reduced rate. The very best representatives of it, like Bebel in Germany and Gustavus Myers in this country, give a solid and comparatively exhaustive view of some one of its aspects. What Walling has tried to do is to give a general view of Socialism in its relations to modern philosophy, science, religion, and education. One who attempts a task as daring as this must be content with partial success. But the attempt in itself is enough to give us a new landmark, and Walling's success is sufficient to give deep satisfaction to

those who have an abiding faith at once in Socialism and in the great forces at work in our civilization.

In no part of his task was our author's work more difficult than in these chapters on education. As he himself indicates, European works on the subject have little help to offer. And in this country discussion of the subject has been extremely limited. For a time the *Progressive Journal of Education* dealt with it vigorously and intelligently. But the existence of the *Journal* was short as it was brilliant. At present we have the *American Teacher* in the field fighting vigorously against some of the worst features in our educational system. But in view of its vast importance the total amount of thought which American Socialists have given to the subject of education is negligible. In dealing with this subject, therefore, the author of "The Larger Aspects of Socialism" was practically entering upon a virgin field.

The substance of the chapters in question can be stated very briefly: Our author secures an outline of the Socialist ideal of education by combining the work of three or four of the most advanced educationists, and then shows that this ideal cannot be attained without the domination of society by the working-class. The authorities most liberally drawn on are Madame Montessori, John Dewey, and Boris Sidis. Montessori, with her scientifically based sense training for little children and her emphasis upon education through the doing of real things that have a real social value, furnishes the first part of the system roughly sketched, the part having to do with the kindergarten age. John Dewey, with his broad social view of the educational process and his insistence upon industrial education as opposed to vocational training, furnishes the second part, that having to do with the years usually spent in the elementary school. Boris Sidis, with his brilliant achievement in dealing with the more purely intellectual phases of education, furnishes the last part, or that having to

do chiefly with the years spent in high school and college. Leo Tolstoi, Francisco Ferrer, Max Stirner and G. Stanley Hall are also levied upon for various ideas which are welded rather skillfully into the author's scheme of things.

Capitalism, Walling contends, will never realize this ideal or anything like it. "While the demand of the people and of most educators is for a broader education than we now have, the demand of the business man is for a narrower one." Capitalism demands docility; modern education aims at originality and adaptability. Moreover, education as exemplified in the best private schools demands a teacher for every ten or fifteen pupils; the best education which a capitalist government is willing to furnish provides a teacher for every forty or fifty pupils. We now spend \$450,000,000 on education; the realization of our ideal would necessitate the expenditure of many times that amount. Therefore the progress of education beyond certain very definite limits depends upon the advent of the Socialist commonwealth.

Of course it would be easy to find fault with this treatment of the subject of education. Comrade Walling writes evidently as a reader of books on education rather than as an educator. There is, moreover, a suggestion of superficiality about this rapid method of outlining an educational system by combining the work of three widely different authorities. But it may be said in defense that this book is not an attempt to produce a new system of education, philosophy or anything else. The author is rather giving a rapid account of those features of our intellectual forward movement which are more or less definitely connected with Socialism. Whatever his success in the other fields, he has certainly succeeded in this one of education. And incidentally he has made several suggestive combinations of theory and throws out ideas which will be of great usefulness if Socialists pay even a little attention to them.

Justice Job Departm't



OPERATED BY THE JUSTICE
PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO
PITTSBURG, PA

THE only high grade I. W. W. publishing house in the country. We print anything from a calling card to a catalog. Moderate price and prompt delivery guaranteed. A package of satisfaction free with every order. Your name on a postal will bring a copy of our house organ, "Quality"—also samples and prices.

WRITE TODAY

BELL LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE GRANT 1056
ARROTT POWER BLDG. No. 2 PITTSBURG, PA.

TO SECRETARIES OF SOCIALIST LOCALS—Write for details of the new device that will save you time and labor.
M. C. LOGAN, 2359 Grand Avenue, Chicago.

FARMS WANTED. We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 30 Palace bldg., Minneapolis, Minn

EDITORIAL

The Hatfield Whitewash

WE had intended to comment editorially on the Socialist Party Investigating Committee's endorsement of Governor Hatfield of West Virginia, but we think it best merely to reproduce here a very few of the opinions on the situation and on the committee's report as expressed by Socialists and trade union friends who have been or are *on the ground*. In the *Appeal to Reason* of June 7, Comrade John Kenneth Turner says:

"The Governor is more a criminal than the Felz brothers themselves; for in addition to the crimes they have committed he has committed others, among them, a plain violation of his oath of office. Governor Hatfield a few days ago declared that Mother Jones had **never been imprisoned**. **Hatfield is a liar.**"

The *Parkersburg Socialist* comments:

"The Governor has exercised despotic powers and ridden rough-shod over the liberties and rights of the citizens of West Virginia."

The *Huntington Socialist and Labor Star* remarks:

"The Demo-Re-Bull newspapers of West Virginia, which have so valiantly supported all those responsible for the reign of anarchy which has prevailed in the Kanawha coal fields for the past year, are getting a lot of satisfaction out of the fact that the Socialist Investigating Committee 'EXONERATED' Governor Hatfield."

In the *Appeal to Reason* of June 12 Comrade Debs says: "I would take Governor Hatfield's word every time." Well, we wouldn't. We prefer to take the word of the Socialists and miners who have been fighting, and writing, and going to prison at the command of Governor Hatfield.

In the *Social Democratic Herald* of June 7, Comrade Berger says:

"Governor Hatfield had no use for the Socialist Party prior to our conference with him, but that his views changed was evident from what he did **after** the conference. Even the two Socialist papers which were suppressed recently have been re-established and all the owners will be reimbursed for all damages done by the militia."

In referring to this statement, Com-

rade W. H. Thompson, editor of the *Huntington Socialist and Labor Star*, writes us:

"In regard to Berger's interview with himself, we were all released from prison BEFORE the committee succeeded in gaining a conference with the King." He adds, "and the Governor has not reimbursed the owners of the two confiscated Socialist papers. When we sent a committee to see His Highness in regard to making good this damage, he told them to GO TO HELL."

Two other Socialist editors of West Virginia write as follows:

"Hatfield, Haggerty & Company set a trap and our Socialist Investigating Committee walked right into it. The committee's report is absolutely incorrect in regard to Hatfield. "The Investigating Committee have made asses of themselves."

Another comrade writes, "The report that Debs signed was not true" and Comrade C. H. Boswell says: "The Governor has completely failed to keep his promise made so freely to the Investigating Committee." Another friend writes:

"Read the *Labor Argus*, edited by Charles Boswell or the *Huntington Socialist and Labor Star* if you want to know what the rank and file think of Our Committee's Report."

The Ohio Valley Trades and Labor Assembly, which has steadily exposed the methods of Hatfield, expected reinforcements when the Socialist Committee came to West Virginia. When it was reported that Debs, Berger and Germer had endorsed the Governor, *The Intelligencer*, one of the bitterest foes of the working class, came forth screaming with delight in the following:

NOW GO AFTER DEBS AND BERGER.

"Debs and Berger have come into West Virginia, have seen the situation and have publicly commended Governor Hatfield for his course towards the miners and during the strike.

"Now it will be up to the Ohio Valley Trades and Labor Assembly to denounce Debs and Berger as hirelings of capital who ought to be sent to jail. Now by all means let us

have another mass meeting in which those two rank plutocrats, Eugene V. Debs and Victor L. Berger, will be pilloried as public foes and as assassins of popular rights.

"There have been a good many evidences recently that the present leaders of the Ohio Valley Trades and Labor Assembly did not have the character worthy of an organization supposed to represent the great labor interests of the Ohio Valley. That leadership committed the Trades and Labor Assembly to the endorsement of a city charter which was full of defects and weaknesses. In spite of the frenzied appeals of Socialist orators, the working people of Wheeling voted almost to a man against the charter. Again we see the Trades and Labor Assembly by the same leadership committed to a virulent verbal assault upon the governor of West Virginia, and making charges against him which are found to be utterly untrue by such distinguished labor advocates as Eugene V. Debs and Victor L. Berger. "Isn't it about time that conservative and level headed men in the Trades Assembly began to make themselves heard?"

Thus they used the report of the Socialist Committee to discredit Socialists and union opponents of Hatfield.

Three locals of the U. M. W. of A. simultaneously have demanded the recall of Thomas Haggerty, member of the International Executive Board of the organization, charging that he is supporting their worst enemy—Governor Hatfield (see report elsewhere in the REVIEW). It will be remembered that Haggerty is suing Comrade Boswell, editor of the *Labor Argus*, for libel. Boswell denounced Haggerty for defending Hatfield in his action of forcing the odious "strike settlement" upon the miners.

This same Haggerty was Debs' escort in the conference between Governor Hatfield and Debs. This conference took place BEFORE DEBS HAD INVESTIGATED AMONG THE STRIKERS and resulted in Debs' endorsement of the Governor.

It was Hatfield who issued the famous ultimatum commanding the strikers to get back to work within thirty-six hours or be deported from the state. It was the U. M. W. officials who went into the strike zone (accompanied by soldiers) to tell the strikers their financial support would be withdrawn, thus FORCING the strikers to return to the mines.

Strange as it may seem, we gather from all reports that these U. M. W. of A. officials, the Investigating Committee of

the Socialist Party and Governor Hatfield are able to work together in a most amazing harmony. It is the rank and file of the U. M. W. who have found it necessary to fight and expose the Governor as well as their own officers.

If the United Mine Workers could rid themselves of their compromising officials and rule their own organization, the splendid men in the rank and file would make it a real fighting industrial union that nothing could check.

One thing more, the Investigating Committee is at present engaged in eulogizing the OFFICIALS of the U. M. W. of A. and excusing Governor Hatfield. It claims that the Governor will permit the U. M. W. organizers to go all over the state (with an armed guard, if necessary) organizing the miners.

Why should he not? It was through the assistance of these U. M. W. officials that the strikers were driven back to work. It may have dawned upon an astute Governor that the United Mine Worker OFFICIALS have proved valuable in an extremity. Even the coal operators may see this in time. The officials turned upon the members of their own organization in West Virginia. They will do it again.

We want to ask the Comrades the following very pertinent questions:

If the OFFICIALS of the U. M. W. succeed in organizing the militant miners in West Virginia,

WILL THE COAL OPERATORS (whom they have been fighting for over a year) COLLECT THEIR UNION DUES?

Will they be compelled to sign contracts, expiring at different dates, that will PREVENT THEM FROM STRIKING TOGETHER?

Will these contracts make every union man subject to a FINE of TEN DOLLARS a DAY for refusing to work and throwing a mine idle?

Will HALF OF THESE FINES BE PAID TO THE COAL OPERATORS to repay them for any profits they may thus lose?

We ask these questions because these are the methods adopted by the OFFICIALS of the U. M. W. of A. in other states.

MARY E. MARCY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The War Against War.—Last winter the Socialists of the world met in Switzerland to discuss the means of preserving peace. Since then international complications have grown more threatening. In both France and Germany the governments are forcing through the legislative assemblies measures which will largely increase the expenditures for armies and navies. And it has recently been proved that the manufacturers of war materials make a business of bribing the press to bring about international conflicts. In view of all these facts the conference of German and French parliamentarians at Bern has an epoch-making importance.

The notion of calling such a conference arose in a peculiarly interesting way. Its birthplace was Alsace-Lorraine, more than once the prize of war and for more than forty years the sign and symbol of international hatred and misunderstanding. The members of the provincial assembly of Alsace-Lorraine issued to the people of France and Germany a manifesto in favor of peace; as representatives of the people of this war belt, they served notice that their constituents do not wish to be fought over. This action gave the members of the assembly of Switzerland the idea of taking still more definite action in the interest of peace. Acting in accordance with the finest traditions of their ancient mountain republic, they invited the members of the French and German parliaments to meet at Bern on May 11 to consider the common interests of the two great peoples and take whatever steps seemed best to preserve the peace between them.

On the date set there appeared in the Swiss city 218 French and German legislators. Of this number, 41 were members of the German Reichstag, 164 were members of the French Chamber of Deputies, 21 were members of the French Senate, and 4 represented the assembly at Alsace. Of course, the great majority were Socialists. The German parliamentary group was represented by an elected delegation. There was, however, a considerable group of German and French

Liberals on hand to add their voices to those of the Socialists. Altogether the 218 men in session there in Bern on terms of mutual good will and understanding furnished a remarkable demonstration of international solidarity. The Socialists were there because the working class is unalterably opposed to war; the Liberals were there because war is opposed to civilization.

Unanimously the conference adopted a resolution denouncing the attempts made on both sides to stir up hatred and establishing a permanent committee authorized to call another similar conference whenever it may seem advisable. The mere passing of a resolution always seems like an anti-climax to the gathering of such an impressive body as that brought together at Bern. But the important thing is that the very existence of such a body called out in both nations all the forces making for peace and sanity.

Of course, the very idea of such a coming together would have been an absurdity were it not for working-class solidarity and working-class representation in the parliaments of the nations. Here, perhaps more definitely than ever, the representatives of labor stood forth as the leaders of the civilization of the future.

England, Signs and Portents.—Seldom is there such a stirring up of the dry bones of national life as can now be seen in England. Suffragette militancy, the Marconi scandal, syndicalist agitation, renewed discussion of the "German menace"—these and other topics have wrought up the public mind in manner good to behold. Good people are being shocked and stupid people are forced to think. Old moorings are lost sight of and a good many individuals, at least, are perceiving new possibilities in an old world.

To be sure the working class hasn't got much out of it yet. But we may be sure it will in the end. Take the matter of militancy, for example. The violent suffragettes, burning buildings and starving themselves, may be an utterly mistaken lot. It looks as though they had

gained nothing for their cause, and they certainly have not won the support of English socialists or of the working class in general. But they have succeeded in exhibiting the Liberal ministry before all the world as a set of tyrannical dunderheads. They dare not let the women go free and they dare not imprison them; they dare not allow them to publish their paper and they dare not suppress it. It is probable that no ruling class anywhere ever gave a more undisguised exhibition of inability to rule.

Or look at the Marconi scandal. Sir Rufus Isaacs, a member of the cabinet, has won his libel suit against Cecil Chesterton. Formally he stands absolved from the crime of using his public office for the increase of his private bank account. But it has been definitely established that he and Lloyd George came into possession of Marconi shares at the time when the English government was concluding a contract with the Marconi company. The latest news is to the effect that the whip of the Liberal party used party funds to gamble in Marconi shares at this very time, when, of course, those "in the know" could not be expected to foresee a rapid rise in the price of stocks. Thus if the Liberal saviors of society show themselves not over efficient in dealing with one matter, they prove themselves not over honest in dealing with another.

And then there is syndicalism. Nothing in recent years, not even Liberal-laborism, has so cut up the Socialist movement in England as has syndicalism. Brilliant writers in one of the finest Socialist papers in the world have demonstrated all sorts of things about it. In one issue they show conclusively that the very same thing, Tom Mann and all, appeared in the Middle Ages and was put out of existence for all time so far as England and Englishmen are concerned. In the next issue the pesky thing will appear again in Robert Owen's time and again be valiantly and permanently suppressed. By the next week it will bob up again in the International and be finally cast into outer darkness by Marx himself. The next hero to gain his spurs by slaying this phenix-like dragon will be William Morris, and surely nothing which had the honor of being killed by

UNCLE SAM IS BEST EMPLOYER;

pay is high and sure; hours short; places permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies every month; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no layoffs; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Special money-back guarantee if you write today for booklet D-47. IT IS FREE.


EARL HOPKINS, - - WASHINGTON, D. C.

GET A
BETTER
PLACE

Operate an "Income MAIL BUSINESS"

the Booster Way. Booster Magazine—the one bona-fide publication devoted exclusively to the interests of Mail Dealers and Agents. Booster has a larger circulation than any other paper in its class—this alone should convince you that today is the day to learn all about Booster—its money making suggestions and principles. Join our ranks now—let Booster help you to independence, success, wealth and happiness. 10c will bring you two issues worth dollars.

BOOSTER MAGAZINE, 335 Northwestern Bldg. Chicago



Folding BATH TUB

Costs little, no plumbing, requires little water. Weight 15 pounds, and folds into small roll. Full length baths, far better than tin tubs. Lasts for years. Write for special agents offer and full description. ROBINSON MFG. CO., 130 Vance Street, TOLEDO, OHIO. Manufacturers Turkish Bath Cabinets.

MAGAZINES REFUSED TO PRINT MY ARTICLES

To radical westerners only—3 papers, "Criticism of Christian Science"—"Divorce, the Barometer of Social Unrest"—"White Slavery, a Necessity Under Present Civilization." 10 cents for three. Room 200. 28 S. Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, NOTARY & SOCIETY SEALS, SOLID RUBBER TYPE ETC., MANUFACTURED BY A. STENHOUSE & CO., 131 N. FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. Special prices to readers of this magazine.



YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN BEER AT HOME

A pure, sparkling, foaming Lager Beer at a cost of 1 cent a glass can be made in a few minutes in your own home with "AMBREW" Concentrated Beer Extract. Just by the addition of water. No experience, no apparatus, no trouble. "AMBREW" is a concentration of the finest Barley Malt and Hops, the same ingredients used by all brewers for brewing the best beer. Not a Near Beer, no Substitute, but a real Lager Beer having its same strength and intoxicating properties. Thousands of satisfied customers.

AGENTS HERE'S WHAT THEY ALL WANT
Secure exclusive territory quick. Enormous demand, sells fast, costs you money. Can be sold anywhere, wet or dry, STRICTLY LEGITIMATE. NO LICENSE REQUIRED. Small, compact, carry in pocket. Be quick. Get busy during the warm weather. A postal brings FREE BOOKLET, "Secrets of Making Beer at Home" and agents selling plans.

THE AMBREW COMPANY, Dept. 1875, Cincinnati, Ohio

\$29.50 In Two Days



is what Mr. Ewald of Illinois made with our Diamond Photo Card Gun. Takes 3 size Photo Post Cards on Paper direct, also Button Photos finished in 1/2 minute, without Plates or Films. No canvassing. Experience unnecessary. \$c profit on every dime.

"I averaged \$12.50 first afternoon," says Mrs. Robinson of West Virginia.

Mr. A. Burke of Conn. says, "I cleared \$12 operating my Diamond Gun 4 hours." Hundreds of similar reports. Circular sent free.

International Metal & Ferrotype Company,
Dept B 13, No. 2223, W. 12th St., Chicago, Illinois.

William Morris would have the ill grace to trouble the world again. But to make assurance doubly sure the very next number of the paper which comes to hand will prove beyond all doubt that such a thing as syndicalism does not exist in England, never did exist, and never can exist. The whole subject was probably devised, we are led to believe, by some enemy of Socialism or some humorist bent on relieving the monotony of a dull season in Socialist journalism.

In the midst of all this violent discussion of ideas and things the English labor movement seems to be making some progress. There is constant talk of amalgamating various craft and sectional unions into something like industrial organizations. No matter what may be the fate of syndicalism, there can be no doubt of the fact that the idea of industrial unionism is taking hold. It gets little help or understanding in Socialist circles; the leading Marxians still keep their Socialist politics and their labor unionism in separate water-tight compartments. But there is progress nevertheless.

As to the Socialist movement itself, the recent annual conference of the British Socialist Party gave good promise of future improvement. It met at Blackpool on May 10. Perhaps the best thing that occurred there was the ending of a quarrel which has divided the executive committee for some time past. Comrade Hyndman, whose views with regard to armaments have so often been the subject of international discussion, was once more the center of things. Some time ago the executive committee, of which Comrade Hyndman is chairman, passed a resolution on the armament question placing it in line with the antimilitarist policy of the international movement. Comrade Hyndman is reported to have threatened to resign from his position on the committee. At a subsequent meeting, however, the resolution was reconsidered and defeated. As a result Comrade Zelda Kahan was the one who resigned from the committee.

The whole matter was thrashed out in the conference. At first a resolution was introduced setting forth that "any member expressing his or her views on a subject such as armaments does so as a pri-

vate individual and in no way pledges the party to such views." Numerous speakers expressed the opinion that it would be better for the party if Hyndman were to discontinue his practice of speaking in favor of a larger navy for England. Finally Hyndman himself said that "to avoid risking the unity of the party he was content to hold his own view and not to enter upon the discussion of the question or to raise it in any way that might upset the party." Thereupon the conference passed by a large majority a resolution pledging the British Socialist Party, "bound by the resolutions of Stuttgart and Basle, 1912," to pursue in England the same policy as is followed by their French and German comrades" with the object of checking the growth of all forms of militarism." Then Hyndman and Zelda Kahan shook hands and, we may suppose, peace and the possibility of harmonious and fruitful labor were once more restored to the party organization.

The chairman of the meeting frankly admitted that the hopes entertained by the founders of the party a year ago have not been realized. So far as the present writer is aware no figures have been published to show how much the B. S. P. has improved upon the old Social Democratic Party in point of numbers; but at any rate the new party is still small, probably not much larger than its predecessor in the field. But its program is clear and it is working out plans for a vigorous campaign of education. Whatever its faults, it is still the bearer of the torch of revolutionary Socialism and still, more than any other organization in England, deserves the confidence and support of Socialists in other lands.

Eyeglasses Not Necessary

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proved beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" is a reliable remedy for Weak Eyes, Granulated Lids, Iritis, Cataracts, etc., without cutting or drugging. Over 95,000 "Actinas" have been sold; therefore Actina is not an experiment.



Miss Lue Terry, Proctor Home, Peoria, Ill., writes—"I assure you I have great faith in "Actina." I believe it has saved me from total blindness, and as an eye strengthener is better than any spectacles ever made."

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the eye, ear, throat or head. Send for our FREE TRIAL offer and valuable FREE BOOK. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 312 L, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

NEWS AND VIEWS



Monessen Finnish Socialist Hall.—The Finnish Socialist Branch of Local Monessen, Pa., dedicated their new building and hall on Sunday, June 1st. Their band composed of 25 Socialist men and boys and mixed chorus interspersed the program with excellent music. All speeches were in the Finnish language except one by Comrade Frank Midney, who came from Ohio for the occasion. The audience of over 500 comrades consisted mostly of Finnish comrades, men, women and children, a few English-speaking friends and two negroes completing the groups. The revolutionary character of the crowd was shown by their applause of Midney's address and the speeches of the Finnish speakers calling for the organization of the workers on the industrial field as well as in the Socialist party. There is no danger of these Finnish comrades being inoculated with the virus of pure-and-simpleism. This is true of the entire Monessen movement. The Finnish comrades have brought a teacher from Michigan who will conduct a Finnish Sunday School with a view to keeping the children free from the influences of the capitalistically controlled religious institutions of the town.

These comrades have built a structure four stories high, containing an assembly hall to seat 500, class rooms, a dining room, smoking room, library, women's room, children's playroom and a kitchen. It cost \$18,000. Of this sum, \$1,000 was raised by the production of revolutionary plays and tableaux. The building will be devoted exclusively to the movements which have for their *only* aim the overthrow of capitalism. The paid membership of the Finnish Branch is 160. Comrade H. Heikinen is corresponding secretary. We want to congratulate the Monessen Finnish comrades and to suggest that the English-speaking friends—go and do likewise.

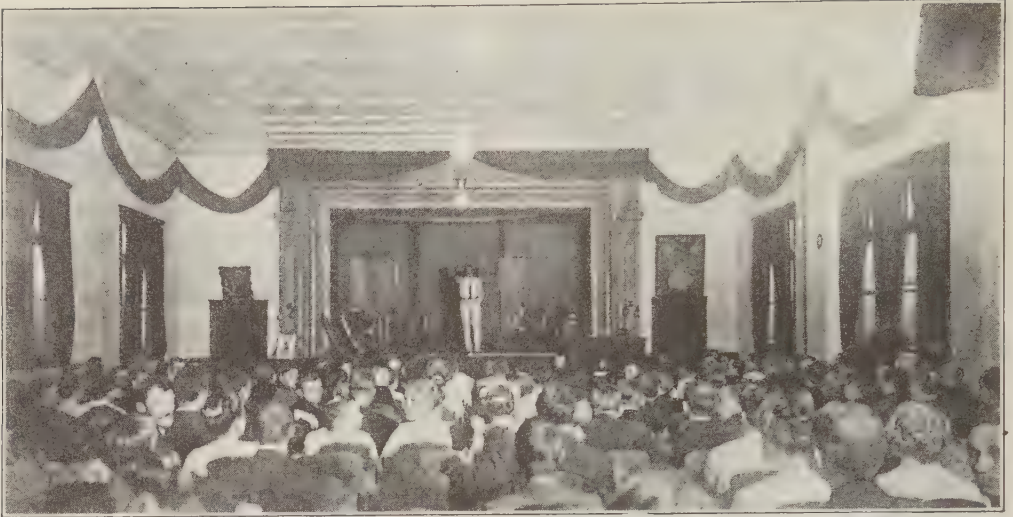
Montana Farmers at Medicine Lake Local of the Socialist Party write, through Comrade McLaughlin, that they are all red out there and are building a socialist hall to cost \$4,000 and intend to put the red flag over their county next election. The local has just voted unanimously to start a national referendum to abolish Article 2, Section VI from the constitution. We always said the farmers preferred Socialism to Populism. Perhaps the reformers in the Socialist Party will find that out some day.

From Tucson, Arizon.—Please forward six months' subscription to my old daddy. You have the only Socialist paper or magazine that is left that a *Real Red* can read and get anything from. What we want is rebels, not boobs. Yours for the freedom, M. D. O. Fuller.

Here's a Hot One.—Enclosed you will find my renewal for the REVIEW. I could about as easily practice law without a library as be a Socialist without the REVIEW. Sec. 6, Art. 2, to the contrary notwithstanding.—David McLaughlin.

From an Old Timer.—Enclosed find \$1.00 to renew my subscription. I began taking the REVIEW with the first issue, and have renewed the subscription each year. Am 75 years, and have been badly overworked, as a student, teacher, and surveyor, but want the REVIEW just the same. Yours for the Revolution, Comrade Hall, Maine.

The Investigating Comedy.—I am not a writer but I attended the meeting of the National Committee. I thought it would be reported in the REVIEW, but after reading the REVIEW, I see that, with all your redness you don't dare comment on things dearly valued by the "Machine." But I still hope you will publish this from one of the rank and file. The Investigation Committee had to take up the figures from the National Office to see whether there were cases of inefficiency or mismanagement. Let us take up this instance. Comrade Seidel went out on an agitation tour. Let us say his expense account was \$1,000. The committee sees his receipts and give them their O. K. Comrade Bessemer charged that Mrs. Seidel accompanied her husband on this tour and that her carfare was paid by the party. The committee admitted this, but no charge of extravagance was made. The National office paid \$750 for 10,000 copies of "Socialism Summed Up," by Hillquit. Bessemer claimed they could have published this book at 2½ cents a copy, instead of paying party money into a capitalist concern. The committee reported that the book could not be secured cheaper. Comrade Hillquit said he had made a sacrifice, only signing the con-



SOCIALIST MEETING FINNISH HALL MONESSEN, FRANK MIDNEY SPEAKER

tract with the Metropolitan when they promised 10,000 books for the party at \$750 (a profit of \$500 to the Metropolitan). I say the delegates were fooled. The new N. E. C. met June 2nd and at the 1st session a communication was read from the Metropolitan offering 10,000 more copies of "Socialism Summed Up" at the same kind rate, \$750, or 25,000 copies at 6 cents each. Secretary Lanfersiek reported that Comrade Work told him the party could publish the book at \$25 a thousand copies. June 3rd, Comrade Berger reported that Hillquit himself thought the book had little propaganda value. Then what I, as one of the rank and file want to know is, Why was a whole front page of the Party Bulletin taken up to advertise it and to cause the party to spend money in making profits for a capitalist house? This is a sample of the investigation committee work which did not perform the work it was called to do, but branded Comrade Bessemer a "thief" for refusing to tell who had given him evidence against Comrades Barnes and Hillquit, instead of considering the evidence. I think it is of vital importance to our movement that more light be shed on these frame-ups of the party machine. And if the REVIEW won't show these things up, the rank and file will.—N. Lerner, 564 West 12th St., Chicago, Ill., care The Daily Jewish Call.

New York Socialists Protest Against Disfranchisement of Wage-Workers.—At the Socialist City Convention of Greater New York, held June 8, a plank offered by Comrade Moses Oppenheimer was by unanimous vote included in the platform, protesting against the laws which disfranchise all wage-workers who are obliged to move in order to find work. Half a million foreign-born workingmen in New York City, the resolution states, are shut out from political power, as are all the women. Present laws require residence of one year in the state, four months in the county and thirty days in the election district. The plank adopted demands that the franchise be conferred upon adults of both sexes who have resided in the United States for not less than one year and have declared their intention to become citizens, also granting the vote to any such adults having a bona fide residence in the voting community at the time of registration.



Make \$20 a Day

with our wonderful **Champion Picture Machine**. Takes, develops, finishes photo in half minute; 300 an hour. **No dark room. Experience unnecessary.** Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage! You coin money anywhere. Small investment; big profits. Be your own boss. Write for Free Book, Testimonials, etc. **AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.** 2214 Ordan Ave., Dept. E691 Chicago, Ill.

LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE!

BIG BOOK FREE!

Be a Hypnotist and Make Fun and Money! This wonderful, mysterious and fascinating science may be easily learned by anyone of ordinary intelligence in a few hours' time. You can perform astonishing feats and produce fun by the hour. Surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. You can **MAKE MONEY** by giving entertainments or teaching the art to others. A veritable key to health, happiness and success in life. **YOU may learn it!** Very small cost. Success sure. Send for my illustrated **FREE BOOK** on Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, Magnetic Healing and other occult sciences. Just send your name and address and I will send it by return mail, free and postpaid. Write today. Address:

M. D. BETTS, Apt. 201, Jackson, Michigan.



A Genuine Rupture Cure

Sent On Trial to Prove It.

Throw Away Your Truss

My Appliance for Men, Women and Children Actually CURES

Send the FREE Coupon Today.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my appliance or not.

Cured at the Age of 76.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Michigan.

Dear Sir:—I began using your Appliance for the cure of Rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,

Jamestown, N. C.

SAM A. HOOVER.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Michigan.

Dear Sir:—Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy, and more for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all; although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you.

Yours respectfully

No. 717 S. Main St., Arkon, O

WM. PATTERSON.

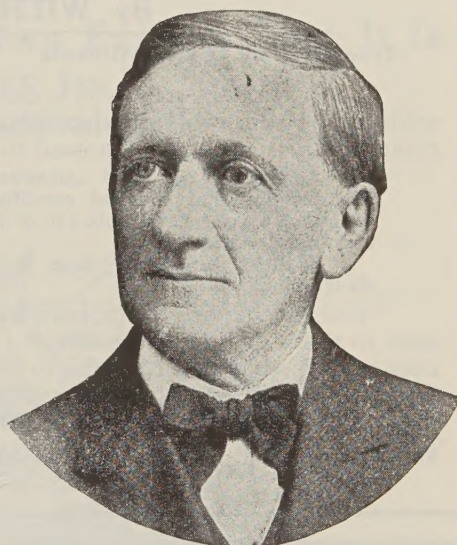
Child Cured in Four Months

Brooks Rupture Appliance Co.

Gentlemen:—The Baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly

ANDREW EGGENBERGER.



The above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who has been curing others for over 30 years. If ruptured, write him today at Marshall, Mich.

REMEMBER

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

FREE Information Coupon

C. E. BROOKS,

20F State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

R.F.D..... State.....

"It is a terrible book, fascinating in its merciless photography of the horrors of war. I do not wonder that the German government was frightened by the huge sale of the book."—John Spargo.



The HUMAN SLAUGHTER-HOUSE



By WILHELM LAMSZUS

Translated by Oakley Williams

With Introduction by Alfred Noyes

The story of the man who is called from his office desk and proves helpless; bewildered, and in horror through slaughter till he goes mad among other madmen, makes a direct and terrible appeal to the imagination.

Lamszus in this vivid narrative has brought forward a new idea; he proves incontestably that changed conditions have made war something it has never been in the past—have robbed it of its only possible defense, its glamor, romance and "manly virtue."

Modern inventions have turned "the field of honor" into the "human slaughter-house."

"Will become one of the holy books of humanity. . . . I would this book were to reach the hands of millions. Every mother ought to read it. And every man too, whether old or young, to form his opinion of the present day condition of things in which—an outworn atavism—war and preparations for war still continue to be the focus of political life."—*Alfred H. Fried, Winner of last year's Nobel prize.*

For sale by
Chas. H. Kerr Co.

50 cents net
Postage 6 cents

Frederick A. Stokes Company,
Publishers New York

Oh, You
Happy
Big
Money
Days



This
Outfit
Brings
You
500%
Profit

\$600 Profit In 90 Days
With this 6 Pound Portable Post Card Gallery

Mr. A. L. Wood, of Montana, made this money. **We can prove it.** Hundreds are making money "hand over fist." Letters and reports arrive daily telling of wonderful success and big profits in this new, up-to-date business. A great, big opportunity for you to make **\$5.00 to \$20.00 a day** as a "MANDEL" ONE-MINUTE PHOTOGRAPHER. Be a "portable post card gallery" man. Enjoy the healthful, happy, outdoor life. Travel and see things. Make all your expenses and save money besides. You need **absolutely no experience.** Success comes to you at once—the first day you begin work with the

"Mandel" Post Card Machine

A wonderful machine that takes, finishes and delivers post card photographs and photo buttons right on the spot where the pictures are taken. Machine makes five different styles of photos. Easy to operate—complete instructions with outfit. All you do is, **snap the bulb and pocket your profits.** A new, sensational photographic process—a wonderful discovery.

The Road to Success with a "Mandel" Machine. Big money at fairs, picnics, carnivals, aviation fields, circuses, small towns and large cities—**EVERYWHERE**

Photos Direct on Post Cards—No Plates, Films, Printing, or Dark Room

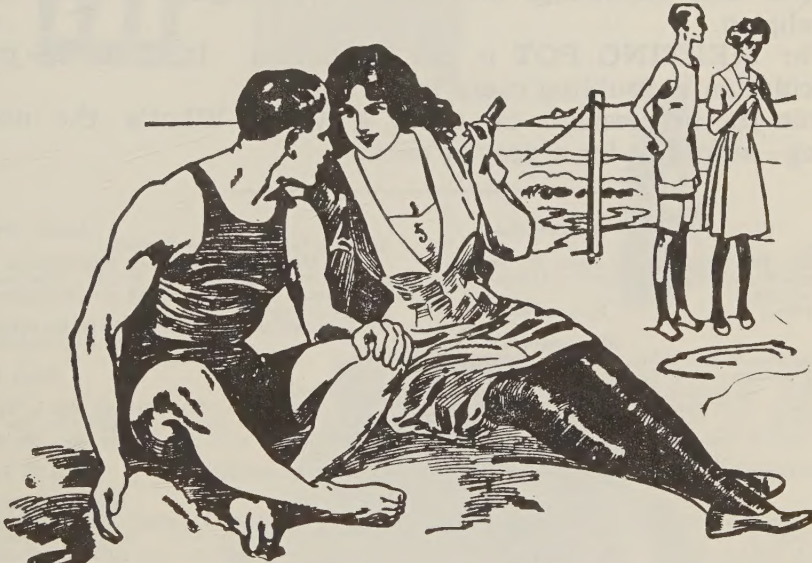
Do not waste your days. Summer is here. This is the time when "MANDEL" POST CARD PHOTOGRAPHERS reap big profits. Everybody needs and buys photographs. The sale of your first supplies practically pays your entire investment. Do you want to earn \$2,000 this year? Then write at once. Be the first in your section and reap the big profits. Information is free. Address either office.

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY
702 Ferrottype Bldg. or Dept. 702, Public Bank Bldg.
Chicago, Ill. New York, N. Y.

LET US MAKE YOU FAT

50c Box Free

We Want to Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is
No Longer Necessary to Be Thin,
Scrawny, and Undeveloped.



"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?"

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman reader. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment is used to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol,

for building up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box today. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer in the Review if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 678-G Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y., and please inclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 678-G Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

THE MELTING POT

*Have you seen it? To read a copy
is to become a lifelong subscriber*

H. M. Tichenor, the editor, wields the most trenchant pen of any American writer. Every line scintillates with wit, sarcasm and hot shot at sham and superstition. He is not an imitator of any one. His economics are right—his religion is most likely your religion.

The MELTING POT is not for babies. It is strong meat. Its circulation is doubling every issue.

Join the procession. 50 cents a year. What's the use of piddling—subscribe for a year at once.

Phil Wagner,

Dear Sir:—The Melting Pot is about the hottest thing this side of where the Republicans and Democrats here say I am going.

Truly yours,

Hayden, Colo.

F. L. COLLEY.

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Melting Pot, St. Louis, Mo.,

Dear Comrades:—Send me more copies of the March edition. The bundle which I ordered Saturday is gone already. Everybody likes this new magazine. It could not be beat. Such a splendid and fearless paper was needed long ago. Every true Socialist is with you.

Yours for social revolution. F. HODENBERG.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Dear Comrade Tichenor:—You just done gone and went and done it by putting out The Melting Pot, the greatest, hottest and the most sizzling shrapnel ever poured into the rotten old hulk of pious and sanctimonious capitalism. Do not let the fire dim, nor the quality of the metal fall off.

Yours for the revolution, JOS. J. PFEIFFER.

Dillsboro, Ind.

The Melting Pot, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Comrade:—I have just finished reading The Melting Pot. It has got my goat.

Yours,

J. H. GREEN.

Missoula, Mont.

The Melting Pot,

Please find 50c for one year's subscription to The Melting Pot. I am a great admirer of Comrade Tichenor. May the shadow of his pen never grow less. I have some of his poetry nailed to the gate post.

WM. LA FORD.

Austin, Texas.

My Very Dear Comrade Tichenor:

The Melting Pot got to me this morning, and it sure got me. I got it about 9 a.m.; been reading it ever since. Now 2 p.m., and now, by Jupiter, I am going to subscribe.

Yours till the frauds are wiped off the earth.

J. S. BILLINGSLEY.

Xenia, Ills.

The Melting Pot,

Dear Comrades:—The Melting Pot is hot stuff. I enclose \$1.00 for a bundle. I will take the bundle to church, give it to the women, then the men will read it or bust.

Yours for Socialism,

JOHN P. TATE.

Wenatchee, Wash.

Dear Comrade:—I received The Melting Pot and read it from kiver to kiver. It is great, simply immense. Comrade Henry sure strikes hard and swift blows.

Yours for the revolution, REECE L. BREWER.

Clymer, N. Y.

I took The Melting Pot to our local, and after I handed the paper to other comrades their enthusiasm was great. I send you \$2.50 for a club of 5.

Yours for the revolution, CARL ANDERSON.

Richmond, Va.

Editor, The Melting Pot.

Dear Comrade:—Someone sent me a sample copy of The Melting Pot. I don't know who it was. It struck me just where I live. It is spiced with just enough wild words to give proper emphasis to the truths it fearlessly proclaims, and I want it in my business.


Yours fraternally,

CHAS. CHAPPELLE.

SPECIAL TO REVIEW READERS

Send 10 cents, stamps or coin, and get the Melting Pot 3 months on trial. Regular subscription, 50 cents a year. Address

THE MELTING POT, 411 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

 Get up a club of 10 on this 10 cent proposition and send us \$1.00—you'll be glad you did it.